



A PEEP AT ST. PAUL'S.

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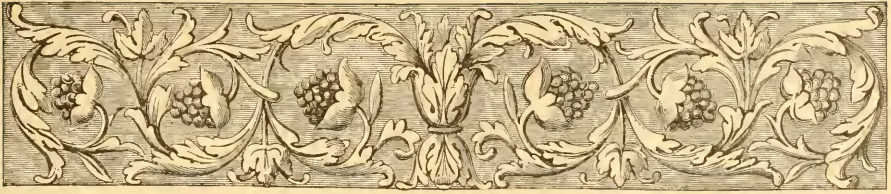
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The Riverside Press, Cambridge:
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.

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THE ENGLISH BODLEY FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

AN OLD FRIEND.

ON the last day of August, 1881, a party of Americans left Rotterdam, in Holland, by the steamer which sailed for Harwich, in England, and at five o'clock in the morning of Thursday, September first, this party landed at Harwich in a sleepy condition, and took the Great Eastern Railway direct for London, which they reached in a little less than two hours. It was not the first time that Americans had landed in England, and so there was no great to-do made over them, either in Harwich or at the Liverpool Street station in London, where they left the railway train. It was only when they left their cabs at Albany Street, in the West End, that these sleepy Americans really seemed to wake, and it happened in this wise.

The house at which they stopped was Mrs. Godolphin's Family Hotel, although to the naked eye it could not be distinguished from a boarding-house; here they had secured quarters while they were to stay in London, and the door was opened by a neat looking maid in a cap, who appeared to have sat up all night waiting for them, for she was the only person to be seen up and down the street. Houses and people all seemed fast asleep. The maid was very silent, as

if she were afraid of waking some one in the house, and the whole party went through the doorway almost on tiptoes. They went in this order.

First came a gentleman somewhat over forty years of age, bearing a handbag with the initials N. B., which was as much as to say, "Take notice, this is Nathan Bodley;" directly behind him walked a boy who looked as much like Nathan Bodley as a telescope shut up looks like a telescope open, and so it was very clear that the boy was son of the man; if one only happened to know that Nathan Bodley's father was named Charles, he would understand in a moment why Nathan's son was also named Charles. Charles he was, — Charles Bodley.

Behind Charles Bodley was a girl of exactly the same age. If they had been brother and sister they would have been twins; as it was, they sometimes went in the family by the name of the twin cousins. Charles Bodley turned to the girl as they all went stealthily up the steps, and whispered hoarsely: "Sarah, if it was a little darker I should think I was a burglar."

"We 're not guilty of flat burglary," said she, "for this house is not let out so."

"It could n't be flatter than that joke," he replied. The conversation was not worth repeating, except for the information it gives that the girl's name was Sarah. She took her name from her grandmother, Madam Sarah Bodley; and since she was Charles Bodley's cousin, and Charles's father had no brothers, it follows that her name was not Bodley but that of her mother's husband. Philippa Bodley had married Philip Van Wyck, and thus Sarah was Sarah Van Wyck. Behind Sarah came her father and mother, and last of all was Nathan Bodley's wife, careful Mrs. Blandina Bodley, who always

was the last, because she stayed behind to rummage the carriage and see if any bags or parcels had been left.

Thus they all passed into the narrow hall which led from the doorway, and stood huddled together for a moment in front of the hat-tree, and the collection of railway schedules which hung from the wall. At this moment Charles Bodley discovered a straw hat, a broad Panama, hanging upon one of the limbs of the hat-tree.

“Ha!” he exclaimed, “Is this a hat which I see before me, the rim toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee! Where is the head that belongs to this hat? I should know the hat anywhere.”

“Is n’t that just like Ned!” said Mrs. Van Wyck, looking at the hat. “Nathan, Ned is here, and has hung his hat up as calmly in the public hall as if he were in our house.”

“It was to welcome you,” came in a great whisper from the stairs above, and in another moment Professor Edward G. Adams, first cousin to the Bodleys and second cousin to their children, came skipping down the staircase. The maid looked on amused at a respectful distance as these Americans embraced each other.

“When did you get here, Ned?” asked Mr. Nathan Bodley.

“Last night, when you were tossing about on the North Sea.”

“We did n’t toss at all,” said Sarah. “The North Sea is a slandered piece of water.”

“I wish the Atlantic were,” said Cousin Ned, with a sigh. “However I’m over here now, and England may have another revolution before I venture out of sight of land again.”

“Your rooms are ready, please,” said the maid, and off they went to make ready for an early breakfast. Professor Adams had joined his cousins in England, after they had spent a summer in traveling, and meant to stay with them a month, for in spite of his cowardly

speech his passage was already taken for the steamer which was to leave Liverpool on the 29th of September. He had promised himself a jaunt in England with them, and for that month they were to go where he wanted to; afterward they might do what they pleased.

“You see,” he said, as they were chatting at breakfast, “I’m a sort of antiquarian society all by myself. Our American scholars are digging up bones and saucepans in mounds in the West, and little copper gods and what not, and I’ve not much taste for uncivilized rubbish. I prefer the rubbish which belonged to my own family, and I’ve a mind to see if I can’t dig up Sir Walter Raleigh, or Adam Winthrop, or some other pre-United States American. I shall need some aid, and I propose to take these children along with me. Now I have one sublime idea, it’s the only original notion in archæology that I ever had, and it’s so simple that I hardly dare mention it. But I must keep it shut away until next week at any rate. Come, where shall we begin our researches?”

“Do give us some notion of where you’re going to drag us for a month, Ned,” said Mr. Van Wyck. “I am reasonably trustful, but I should like to know where I am to have my letters sent from time to time.”

“Be quite at ease, Philip. I don’t mean to go much beyond the telegraph line in this wild country. I’ll tell you in general my plan. I want to look up some of the beginnings of America in England. I’m getting ready to write my book on Earlier America, and I wish to see if I cannot find a few of the foot-prints of the first Americans here. They left the country between two and three hundred years ago, but they must have left some signs behind them.”

“We saw some marks of a number nine shoe in Holland,” said Charles Bodley.

“To be sure. Holland was one of the stepping-stones to America.”

“And one of the jumping off places, too,” said Sarah.

“The softest spot to jump from!” said Charles, with mock disdain. “However, I never again shall find fault with the Dutch for coming to New York. Poor people! no wonder they wanted to leave Holland.”

“You know you did n’t want to leave yourself,” said his cousin. “The very last thing you said when we left was, ‘We bid you an affectionate farewell.’”

“So I did. I was so glad” —

“Come, come, children! eat your breakfast and stop sparring,” said Mr. Bodley. “Ned we’ll give you the children to-day if you want them. Philip and I want to go to Alexanders’ to get our letters and some money.”

“And Blandina and I want to go to Regent Circus to spend it,” said Mrs. Van Wyck.

“Well, while your mothers go to the Circus,” said Ned, “we’ll go to the Tower and see the lions.”

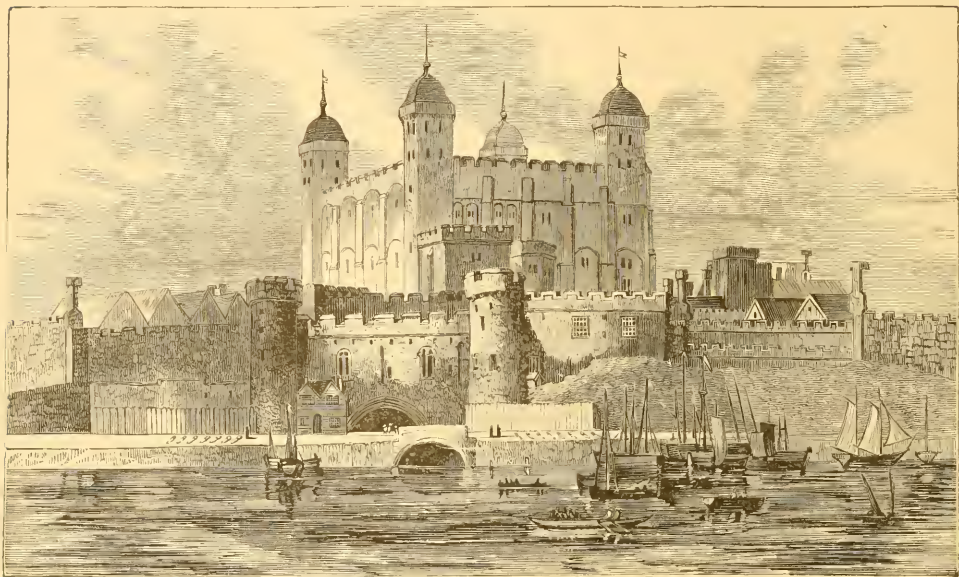
“I suppose,” said Charles, “that if we are to begin our historical researches in England, we might as well begin as far back as the Tower. But if that was a real circus that mother was going to, the Tower could wait. On the whole I’m resigned to the Tower, though I know Sarah wants to go shopping. Own up, Sarah.”

“I may look into a shop window on the way to the Tower,” said she.

To the Tower then they went, and as it was not a free day they paid their shilling apiece, which was to admit them into special rooms and buildings.

“Who are these extraordinary-looking lunatics?” whispered Sarah to her cousin Ned, as they saw some substantial looking Englishmen in curious costume, with hats trimmed with bits of ribbon, who appeared to be on duty within the Tower.

“They are the warders of the Tower, and go by the name of beef-eaters.”



The Tower of London in the time of James I.

“Is that their chief occupation?” asked Charles.

“They look well fed, but their name is a corruption of *buffetiers*; the Yeomen of the Guard in King Henry VIII’s time were personal attendants of the sovereign, who stood near the royal sideboard or *buffet*. These fellows wear the dress which the yeomen wore then. Look hard at them, Sarah. They won’t mind it, and if you shut your eyes to everything else, and especially don’t look at yourself and Charles, why, you can fancy yourself living at the time when the

Cabots were hunting for America. John Cabot looked on just such people as our friends here."

Sarah and Charles did as their cousin told them, and looked so hard at the beef-eaters that one of them, a good-natured fellow, smiled and half nodded in return for the scrutiny he was undergoing. He was standing near by and now stepped forward and spoke to Mr. Adams.

"They never saw a beef-eater before, eh? You don't have them in America?"

Charles and Sarah looked at each other. "It's Cousin Ned's hat," whispered Charles.

"You guess quickly," said their cousin Ned. "This young lady is from Holland, and the young gentleman is from England."

"Indeed, I'd never have thought it."

"To be sure, they left some time ago, and they've been in America ever since."

"Oh, well now; that makes it plain."

"Yes, they left in the seventeenth century."

The beef-eater stared at this serious looking gentleman with spectacles, who stood so calmly under his Panama hat saying such nonsensical things.

"Oh, ah, yes, to be sure; quite so," he said at length. "So their ancestors went to America."

"I should n't wonder if you'd had some of their ancestors here," said Cousin Ned, looking about him.

"Well, now," said the beef-eater, who was by no means a dull fellow, "was n't there a General Burgoyne who fought in your Revolution?"

"To be sure there was," said Charles promptly; "we beat him at Saratoga."

“I thought I’d heard something of the kind once,” said the beef-eater. “Americans have mentioned it before. Now I served under his son, Field Marshal, Sir John Fox Burgoyne. I was with him at Sebastopol. He was a fine man and a great soldier. I’ll show you where he’s buried.”

“Was he buried here in the Tower?” asked Cousin Ned in surprise.

“To be sure, sir,” said the beef-eater as he led the way. “He was Constable of the Tower, like the Duke of Wellington before him, and he’s buried beneath the altar at St. Peter’s. There’s others lie there too. Two queens and two dukes, and many great and noble ones.”

The beef-eater said this with great impressiveness, and as they came to the door of the church, he stopped them and pointed to a large oval of dark flints in the pavement.

“D’ye see that?” said he. “There’s many a drop of blood has wet the pavement here. This was the place where the private executions took place. Here fell Anne Boleyn, and Lady Jane Grey, and the Earl of Essex.”

The children looked with awe on the spot, and carefully walked around it when they went into the little church. A drummer boy was there, looking about at the monuments; he had apparently come in from some pageant or funeral procession, and was so young and fresh that he made a strong contrast to the old warder, who was making his way to the chancel. The boy stood looking at a stone in the pavement, and the beef-eater stepped to his side.

“Ay, my lad, here’s the end of all service!” said he, as he pointed to Sir John Burgoyne’s grave. “He was a fine man, sir,” he went on to Cousin Ned and his party. “He was pretty deaf when he



THE BEEF-EATER AND THE DRUMMER BOY.

was an old man. but he was a cheerful old soul. I mind me of some lines he wrote.

“ ‘ You wish me a happy New Year, as a toast,
 And a kindly good act it appears ;
 But when you perceive I ’m as deaf as a post,
 You should wish me *two* happy new ’ears.’ ”

The beef-eater was so pleased with his company that he kept on with them in their rounds, and took them to see the celebrated places in the Tower, though there was no need of a guide, for everything was labeled, and there were guide-posts and signs in every direction. They saw the Traitor’s Gate, and went into the quaint Norman chapel of St. John’s. They visited the room where the crown jewels were kept, and looked through the show case, with its heavy iron bars, at the dazzling crowns, and maces, and salt-cellars, and cups, and garters, and all the other barbarous or beautiful jewelry which the English empire owns and exhibits for a sixpence. They walked through the armories, where were wooden knights in armor and all manner of curious and hideous weapons.

“ It does n’t seem to me that these knights were so very large,” said Charles, as he stood before one of the dummies loaded down with iron mail.

“ No,” said Cousin Ned, “ I have been looking at these gentlemen on foot and on horseback, and I don’t think any one of them is larger than I am, certainly not larger than our good friend, the warder here.”

“ There were giants in those days,” said the beef-eater, solemnly.

“ Yes, so we always say, but we imagine them to have been big, because they lived so long ago and hacked away at each other so constantly. But if these figures are truthful, they were rather undersized.”

“They must have been very uncomfortable,” said Sarah. “I should think that when they fought they would merely have tumbled against each other like Punch and Judy.”

“Each was as badly off as his neighbor,” said her cousin Ned. “There is always just about as much power of resistance as of attack. When a heavier gun is invented, a heavier armor plate is made for a ship’s side. Gunpowder, however, put an end finally to these iron suits of clothes. They were only useful against iron spears and swords.”

They saw room after room decorated with guns and bayonets and swords and pistols, arranged with elaborate ingenuity in all manner of figures, but nothing could make these beautiful.

“They are all cruel and horrid,” said Sarah, with a shudder, as they came to an end of the glittering steel.

“Yes,” said Cousin Ned, “and it’s an insult to art to arrange them in arches and columns and paneled ceilings. It is quite as juvenile as making houses out of tape and buttons; as the dry goods stores do in their windows.”



Sir Walter Raleigh.

Among their wanderings they came to a cell leading out from one of the rooms in the White Tower.

“Here,” said the beef-eater, “Sir Walter Raleigh was confined.”

“Ah,” said Charles, “we’ve found a real American at last.”

“The walls are fourteen feet thick,” said the beef-eater.

“‘ Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage ;
 Minds innocent, and quiet, take
 That for an hermitage,’ ”

said Cousin Ned ; “ but, Mr. Warder, critics tell us now that Sir Walter never lived in this little den. You must learn to generalize in your historical facts, and be content to say that Sir Walter Raleigh lived for fourteen years or more in the Tower, and his wife and two sons lived with him. It was here that he wrote his ‘ History of the World.’ ”

“ Was it after he had come back from Virginia ? ” asked Charles.

“ Raleigh never went to Virginia,” said his cousin, “ but he sent out expeditions, which met with miserable failure. None the less he was one of the great Englishmen who dreamed of an English empire in America, and his dream had a good deal to do with bringing that empire to pass.”

“ We don’t know that we have stepped in his foot-print, then,” said Sarah.

“ No, but as we have walked pretty well about the Tower and its grounds, I think we must have crossed Sir Walter’s tracks somewhere. At any rate, we’ve had our friend, the warder, to look at, and it was just such a jailer that Sir Walter had. I hope his jailer was as good-natured.”

The beef-eater gave a grim smile.

“ We don’t shut up people here now,” said he, “ except an unruly soldier in the guard-house, but we shut up the Tower just the same.”

“ Do you go round and lock up every night, like a good house-keeper ? ” asked Ned ; “ and see that all the doors and windows are fastened ? ”

“Well, we do, sir,” said the beef-eater. “Every night, just before the clock strikes eleven, sir, the head warder, in a long red cloak, with his big bunch of keys, comes along with another warder, who carries a lantern, and goes up to the main guard-house. Then he calls out ‘Escort keys,’ and out comes the sergeant of the guard with half a dozen men, and they follow them out to the outer gate. Every sentry they pass gives the challenge, ‘Who goes there?’ ‘Keys,’ says the warder, and they go on. Well, sir, they lock and bar every gate, and they come back in the same order, until at last they come to the main guard-house again. Then the sentry gives a loud stamp with his foot, and asks, ‘Who goes there?’ ‘Keys,’ says the warder. ‘Whose keys?’ says the sentry. ‘Queen Victoria’s keys,’ says the warder. ‘Advance, Queen Victoria’s keys, and all’s well,’ says the sentry. ‘God bless Queen Victoria!’ says the head warder, and the guard responds, ‘Amen!’ Then the officer on duty gives the word ‘Present arms!’ the guns rattle and the officer kisses the hilt of his sword. The escort fall in among the rest of the soldiers, and the head warder marches across the parade to deposit the keys in the lieutenant’s lodgings. There’s a wicket open in the outer gate till twelve o’clock, but there’s no getting in or out after that.”

“Dear me!” said Charles, “what a lot of ceremony; I suppose it’s just the same as Queen Victoria’s going round England every night and locking up. Do you do it every night?”

“Every single night,” said the beef-eater. “They say there’s not been a riot in London from Jack Cade down to the Chartist riot in ’48, but the leaders were planning to seize the Tower.”

“I suppose they wanted to help themselves to the arms,” said Charles.



“And the sleeve-buttons and other trinkets,” added Sarah.

“Well, we shall sleep easily to night,” said Cousin Ned, “when we know that the Tower is well locked up. Shall you be on duty to-night?” he asked the beef-eater.

“Ay sir, I shall be in the guard.”

“We’re ever so much obliged to you for going round with us, and as you’ll have to be up so late, I think you’ll need a bit of comfort,” and Ned shook hands warmly with him, and left something in his palm. The warder took off his hat with its blue and yellow ribbons as the three nodded good-by to him and passed out of the gateway.

“What a sensation there must have been in London,” said Charles, “when people came back with news about America, in Sir Walter Raleigh’s time.”

“Yes, indeed,” said his cousin. “People did not travel then as they do now, and there were no newspapers to tell every day what was happening all over the world the day before. It is hard for us to realize the prodigious impression which the stories of the new world made upon men then. It must have seemed as if anything might happen. The gentlemen who came back from Virginia went to court and told their stories, and the sailors told theirs in the inns, and I fancy that most of the stories were stretched in the telling.”

“It would have been more strange,” said Sarah, “if the Americans of those days had come to England.”

“Some of them did. You remember that Pocahontas did, for one, and there used to be signs at inns in London which bore the figure of the Indian Queen, as she was called. People were very curious to see her, and watched for her when she came upon the streets, very much as a Japanese or Chinese was stared at a few years ago with

us. She came with her English husband, Rolfe, and several other Indians were with them. They came over partly to be educated, but Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas, sent one of them, it is said, to find out all about England. The story goes that he began to cut notches in a stick, to count up the people whom he saw, but gave it up as a hopeless affair. The English called the Indian chief by fine names. Old Powhatan was an emperor, they said, and they made a great fuss over him. You know they even sent him out a crown to wear. They took all their notion of Indians in America, from China and India, and it is very hard for the English to get ideas out of their heads after they are once in. Pocahontas was presented at court, and King James shook his head a little at one of his subjects marrying into a royal family. They made something of the same kind of



Pocahontas.

fuss here over Queen Emma, of the Hawaiian Islands, a few years ago. There's a wonderful amount of glory about the name of king or queen to an Englishman. However, Pocahontas appears to have been a very sensible sort of girl. Poor thing! she pined away in England, and died before she could get back to Virginia. She was buried in a church at Gravesend, but the church was long ago burned."

"We seem to have begun near the beginning, Cousin Ned, in our historical researches," said Charles. "Virginia was the first English colony."

“We ought to have gone to Spain,” said Sarah.

“Or to Norway, to find a Viking ship,” said Cousin Ned.

“Oh, we’re going to Norway next summer. I suppose we shall be at the head-waters of American history then.”



Pocahontas at Court.

“There is more than one point from which we might start,” said his cousin, “in studying American history; but wherever we begin, we should find it possible to go a little farther back. The beginning of Christianity would not be too far back to go.”

“That’s the trouble with history,” said Sarah, with a sigh. “You never can get at the beginning of it.”

“It’s like a person,” said Charles, philosophically. “If you give his biography, you have to tell who his father and mother were, and it’s only a matter of convenience to stop there.”

“Very true, and so if we were studying the English settlement in America, we might keep going back and back to explain what sort of Englishmen they were who went to America, and why they went.”

“They were pushed off,” said Charles, sententiously. His cousin laughed.

“They were both pushed and pulled, Charles. When Englishmen began to flock to America, it was not only because England sometimes wanted to get rid of them; to get rid of the Puritans or to get rid of the beggars and homeless people, but because there was a great attraction in a new land. All sorts of wonderful things might be there, and especially there would be room there for those who were crowded at home, and there might be riches for the poor. It is just so to-day. Multitudes are leaving Europe for America, partly because they have a hard time in Europe, and partly because their friends in America, who have gone before, invite them by the messages they send over.”

“What crowds we have seen marching up Broadway with bundles on their heads and in their hands,” said Sarah.

“Yes, from Walter Raleigh’s time down, England and a good part of Europe have been moving over, bringing their bundles with them; but, after all, the best and most important things they have brought have not been in their bundles, for they have brought over institutions, and laws, and beliefs, and manners, and customs.”

“We ’ve some institutions of our own,” said Charles, stoutly.

“So we have, and a great deal of the best there is in America has grown up out of the life people have led there; but it never must be forgotten that our freedom and government and civilization generally have been built upon the ideas that Englishmen brought over with them. We are a continuation of old England.”

“And Holland,” added Sarah.

“To be sure, and of the old world in general. There’s no such thing as a brand new nation, made out of new people. We say that the United States was born on the Fourth of July, 1776; but that’s only a convenient way of saying that on that day the nation, which had been growing ever since the earliest colonies were born here, had come of age. It was its Freedom ‘day,’ as used to be said of boys when they were twenty-one years of age.”

“Well,” said Charles, cheerfully, “I ’m glad we ’re not a colony of England still.”

“It would be awkward,” said his cousin. “I think it would make us feel like men in jackets and women in pinafores.”

CHAPTER II.

A CURIOUS ENCOUNTER.

THIS party of Bodleys, Van Wycks, and Adams was in light marching order. They were such old travelers that they had reduced all their luggage to the smallest possible compass, and only needed a half hour at any time to make themselves ready for a journey to Nijni Novgorod or Afghanistan. The language in such cases would

be the only preparation not to be included in half an hour. So it caused no special commotion when Mr. Bodley proposed the next morning that they should go to Warwick for Sunday, stopping over night at Oxford, and giving that place parts of two half days. They left Mrs. Godolphin's Family Hotel shortly after noon, and whizzed away to Oxford in an express train, which took them the fifty-four miles in an hour and a quarter without stopping.

"I put up at the Mitre when I was here in '65," said Mr. Bodley, "but I think we'll go to the Randolph this time. It is more like a college building than the Mitre, and I wish to feel as scholastic as possible."

"Yes," said Professor Adams, "this generation has felt the weight of the old Oxford architecture. It has thought about it and dreamt of it so much that when it has set about building a hotel or a shop here, it has been unable to get rid of the college idea. The Randolph now might be mistaken for a college building."

"It looks as much like a college," said Mrs. Phippy Van Wyck, "as the vergers in the cathedrals look like the dean and chapter. I could easily mistake the one for the other until my sixpence was wanted."

"Just so," said her brother. "Now when the Mitre was built, the country cottage appears to have been the model, and nobody thought of being ecclesiastical. But we have changed all that. Time was when the church and the kingdom and the nobleman had all the great buildings, now everybody wants to have his share of greatness."

The Randolph was as comfortable as it was stately. They put their few bags and belongings aside in their rooms and sallied out for a walk.

“We ’ll only take the outside of the town to-day,” said Professor Adams. “We will walk about this Jericho till we are tired and let the walls fall flat to-morrow.”

“Somehow it seems very familiar,” said Mrs. Bodley.

“Yes,” said her husband. “It’s like London in that respect; we all feel at home in London as soon as we begin to walk about the streets. I suppose that what we know of London and Oxford is not merely what we have already seen, but the whole sum of our reading and imagination added to our sight. The sights are fresh, but they answer immediately to some intellectual knowledge we already have.”

“Oh, here’s Maudlin College!” said Mrs. Bodley.

“Exactly,” said her husband, surveying it, but refusing to give up his little speech. “Exactly. You had seen a picture of Maudlin, and had it already in your mind.”

“But it does not look just as I had imagined it would.”

“No; the imaginary object was a little out of line, and you are trying to adjust the focus.”

“It is like a stereoscopic picture, Phil,” said Mr. Nathan Bodley, “made up one half of a real, one half of an imaginary picture, and both together blend into one perfect pleasure.”

“That’s nearly it, Nathan, though it’s a little mixed.”

“I don’t think I shall try to describe Oxford,” said Mrs. Bodley with a sigh. “The charm is indefinable.”

“No,” said her husband, “if you were to empty a guide-book into your journal, you would still fail to convey the impression the place makes upon you.”

“It’s the repetition in so many forms of the scholastic idea,” said Mr. Van Wyck. “That is presented in stone and brick in the most

diverse fashion, but there is a unity in the midst of all this diversity. The arches, the walls, the inclosures, the towers, the bells, the windows, the sculpture, all these illustrate that combination of church and school and home which the university supposes."

"It's half monkish still," said Cousin Ned, "and how completely the university makes the town. I've no doubt there are some excellent people here who don't care a copper about the colleges; but then the world does not care a copper for them, and would not cross the ocean to see them."

"I suppose it is the lasting of the mind in stone through all these centuries that affects us," said Mr. Nathan Bodley. "I don't think the castles and forts, which represent force, impress us nearly as much as these college buildings, which represent mind."

The children had caught some of this conversation, but they had been perplexed by one word.

"That college was n't for crazy students, was it?" asked Charles of Sarah.

"Perhaps they put the drunken ones away there, when they are getting over their wickedness. Father, why Maudlin?"

"You must ask an Englishman, Sarah. He spells it Magdalen, but the English language here is one thing when it is spelled and another when it is pronounced."

"How foolish it would be to expect anything else," said Cousin Ned. "It is just as impossible to get all people to pronounce alike as to make them all mean the same thing when they use the same word. No two violins will produce exactly the same sound, and no two human beings will pronounce a word exactly alike."

"I think I can make myself understood when I pronounce the word dinner," said Sarah demurely, and they all laughed and agreed

that they were at this moment thinking of the same dinner, for they had been walking in and out of the streets and lanes, and were reasonably hungry, and ready to make their way by the nearest route to the Randolph.

In the same dining-room where they were seated there was another party of a gentleman and two children who were of the age apparently of Charles and Sarah, and, like them, were a boy and girl.

"Charles," whispered Sarah, "I don't want them to hear, but I really think that boy looks a little bit like you." Charles crooked his little finger to Sarah under the table.

"Hook on," he whispered. "I was just remarking that to myself of the girl. She certainly looks like you, Sarah. There's no mirror in that direction, is there?"

"Don't look so hard over there. It is rude. But I hope I shall not meet that boy in the dark and think it is you."

"No, he would not like his hair to be gently pulled, and then turn about and think for a moment it was that gentle sister of his."

The other family had been looking stealthily at our friends, but they had begun their dinner earlier and were the first to leave the room, so that Charles and Sarah could speak more freely, and they began at once to ask their parents eagerly if they had not noticed the likeness.

"They were like and they were different," said Sarah. "I can't explain it, but I feel as if I had seen them before."

"That's always the way," said Cousin Ned. "I've been perplexed ever since I came over with the likeness of English people to my friends in America. I have already met the shadows of half my intimate friends."

"Depend upon it," said Sarah, "they are English Bodleys. They

can't be Van Wycks, I suppose, so I'll abandon them to Charles. They're your cousins, Charles."

"By what remove?"

"Oh, by an Atlantic remove."

They did not see the English Bodleys, as they amused themselves with calling them, after dinner, nor again at breakfast the next morning.

"Where is the summer?" asked Charles, as he drew on a light overcoat. "Cousin Ned, we have n't had a hot day since we came over, so far as I remember, and it's really chilly this morning."

"Hot weather and ice are necessities in America, and luxuries over here," said Cousin Ned. "But come, let us make our procession and see if we can't effect an entrance through some breach into Jericho this morning."

"I know where I want to go," said the boy, as they went along. "I just want to see the Bodleian Library."

"That's a noble ambition," said his father, "and I really think it would not be showing respect to one of the great heads of our family if we did not visit his library."

"Nathan," said his sister, "don't you remember a visit we made once to Aunt Lucy in Newburyport, and how we found the grave of the Rev. John Boddily?"

"To be sure. That is the way. Aunt Lucy said, that some of the family spelled their name in England. I am very much pleased that a Bodley should actually have founded a library."

"Well," said Cousin Ned, "if all your adventures, Phippy, when you were a child, had been written out, and then the adventures of these grandchildren added, there would have been quite a Bodleian Library by this time."

"Let us be thankful they were not," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "I should be sorry to hear people talk about those tiresome Bodley books. Now this is something worth while," she added, for they had climbed the staircase of the library and stood within the hall.

"Your ancestor was a most excellent man," said Cousin Ned. "I don't know how much he had to do with arranging affairs so that Sarah here should be half Dutch, but he was the English minister to the Hague at one time."

"I have no doubt he talked with one of my Van Wyck ancestors," said Sarah, "and recommended him to go over to New Amsterdam."

"It would have been a remarkably forehanded recommendation, Sarah, for Sir Thomas Bodley founded this library in 1598, after he had returned from Holland, and he died in 1612."

"Very well, I abandon him at once," said Sarah. "I only let him sit at table with one of my ancestors to gratify Charles. But look, Charles, there are our English Bodleys, come to look up their librarian, or whatever he was." The gentleman and children whom they had seen the evening before were just passing out of the library and looked back with a half recognition at the Americans.

"I wish we could see a portrait of Sir Thomas Bodley," said Charles, "and see if these people look like him. I am confident they are his descendants."

"There is a portrait in the picture gallery," said Cousin Ned, and up stairs they went into the picture gallery, which was also a museum.

"Here is Guy Fawkes's lantern," exclaimed Sarah, "very solemnly certified to. See, it was given to the university by the son of the man who took it from Guy. I wish we had the bit which was in the mouth of the horse that Paul Revere rode."

“This is an American relic,” said Charles, calling the party to him. “Here is a chair made from the timbers of Sir Francis Drake’s ship. I shall proceed to sit in it. Now, Cousin Ned, before I go any farther, I really must pay my respects to Sir Thomas Bodley. Show us his portrait.”

The portrait of the English knight was a fine one, and the family all stood looking at it, and expressing their admiration of it. While they were thus engaged the gentleman and his two children, who had preceded them, also came up and stood looking at it. Sarah and Charles looked at them out of the corners of their eyes, and mentally made comparison of their features. Then they telegraphed to each other that these young people really did look like the portrait. Mr. Nathan Bodley, who had watched this play with some amusement, turned to the gentleman and said good naturedly: “That’s a fine portrait of the founder of this library.”

“Quite so,” said the Englishman. “I’d rather have my name connected with a library than with a — a — brewery, say.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Bodley. “It must be a fine thing for the descendants of this gentleman to reflect that their name is kept alive so honorably.”

The Englishman gave a queer, amused look at his children, and then said: “You seem to be interested in Sir Thomas. Have you seen his chest?”

“No.”

“It is here,” said the Englishman’s boy, who spoke now for the first time, and the whole party followed him, as he led them to a large oaken chest, the lid of which was open.

“What a lock!” exclaimed Charles.

“It’s very intricate,” said the gentleman.

"But certainly very beautiful," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"It is indeed," said he. "The iron is wrought very gracefully. I doubt they do anything better in Sheffield to-day."

"I suppose he kept his books and papers in it when he was in Holland," said Mr. Van Wyck.

"No doubt," said Charles, with a very grave air, looking at Sarah. "That is why he had a patent lock like that."

"And why should he need a particularly strong lock in Holland, my lad?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, I was only teasing my cousin, sir, who is Dutch."

"Ah! I should not have thought it."

"That is," pursued Charles, "her ancestors were."

"Quite so," said the gentleman.

"Now I" —

"Charles," said his mother, at this point, "I want to show you this curious washed out picture of Mary Queen of Scots," and so the two parties separated with slight bows.

"You must not fancy that strangers care about your cousin's descent," went on Mrs. Bodley.

"But I wanted to lead the way in conversation," said the boy. "In a moment more we should have had all our ancestors down and dusted."

"Yours would have been found to be Paul Pry," said Sarah. "I never saw such a boy. He always talks as if we each had just one ancestor apiece."

"Well, where there are so many, one is obliged to pick out his favorite one," retorted Charles. "You are always boasting of Governor Stuyvesant. As if I had n't Governor Winthrop on my side!"

They visited one or two of the more famous college interiors, but Cousin Ned insisted stoutly on their not seeing too much. "It's like reading," said he. "Read one book after another without stopping, and you will not remember anything but a confused collection of facts and names. Now you have seen the Bodleian Library, — of course you had to see that, — and Christ Church Hall, and Merton Library, and All Souls' Chapel, and when you remember Oxford you will remember those interiors." So they went back to the Randolph, took a hearty lunch, and were off in the afternoon for Warwick.

"It is curious, now," said Cousin Ned, as they were rolling along, "how one remembers the most casual and insignificant things, and forgets the most important. It is ten years since I was in England, and I took this same journey; but I do not remember anything about it, except that there was a small boy in the carriage with me who had stuffed an apple into his jacket pocket, and worked diligently for a quarter of an hour trying to pry it out. I watched him all the way and finally he had to give it up, and his mother got him a cake at Banbury, to make up for his disappointment."

"Oh, do we go through Banbury?" asked Sarah. "Shall we see Banbury Cross?"

"No, nor the cock horse, I am afraid, but if I'm not greatly mistaken, we shall find cakes sold at the door of the train when we run into the station. How does the rhyme go, Sarah?"

" Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,
To see what Tommy can buy;
A penny white loaf, a penny white cake,
And a two-penny apple-pie."

What is Banbury Cross, Cousin Ned?"

"It is n't any longer, Sarah. It disappeared years ago. It was

one of the holy crosses set up in England, like that at Charing, only the Charing Cross is a modern copy of the old cross. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Roman Catholics attempted to have a religious show out of doors; but the Puritans, for Banbury was a famous Puritan town, fell upon them, and not only drove them off, but took axes and hacked down Banbury Cross. And now nothing is left but the cakes."

"Let us hope they are good," said Sarah. But when the train stopped, and little peddlers sold the cakes, the children found them neither white loaf, white cakes, nor apple-pies, but rather indigestible short cakes, with plums in them. However they ate them faithfully, as historical relics, Charles said.

At Warwick they got into the omnibus which was marked for the Warwick Arms, and were set down at the door of that pleasant inn. An exceedingly respectable waiter received them at the door, and ushered them into the house.

"You had a letter from me, I suppose," said Mr. Bodley. "I wrote from London to engage rooms. Mr. Bodley and party."

"In a minute, sir," said the waiter, and disappeared, returning with a letter addressed to "Mr. Bodley, Warwick Arms."

"What's this?" asked Mr. Bodley, puzzled by the letter. "Ask the clerk if there was not a letter from Mr. Nathan Bodley, engaging four rooms."

At that the landlady, or her sister, or her niece, stepped forward with a courtesy.

"Your rooms are ready, sir," she said. "Tom, they are to have the rooms that were made ready this afternoon. Tom did not understand, sir. He thought you asked for your letter."

"Whom is your letter from, Nathan?" asked his wife, as they went along to their rooms.

“It is very singular!” said he, reading the letter; “have you been ordering any books, Blandina?”

“Why, no.”

“This is a letter from Mr. Nutt, a bookseller. I was in his shop the other day, but I certainly never ordered a copy of Palfrey’s ‘New England.’ He writes that he cannot find it, and asks if he shall send to America for one. I never asked him to see if he could find one in London. I’ve got a copy on my shelves at home. It certainly is very curious.”

There was an hour yet before it would be time for dinner, and so the whole party set out for a ramble through the town. They passed under the castle walls, and caught glimpses of the castle; they saw the outside of the Church of St. Mary’s and Leicester Hospital. This was a fine old half-timber group of buildings, and upon a bench outside the door, overlooking the street, were three or four of the old pensioners, dozing comfortably. The charity dates from the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the Earl of Leicester took an old religious building and made it an asylum for twelve impotent men, who keep alive the memory of the founder by wearing on their old-fashioned gowns Leicester’s crest of a bear and ragged staff.

“What a comfortable life these old fellows must lead,” said Cousin Ned. “I believe the preference is given to men who have been wounded in service, and here they doze away the last end of their lives.”

“More comfortable, no doubt,” said Mr. Van Wyck, “than many of the cottagers about here. For my part, while I would not shut up any hospitals, I would open a few more house doors. If people only knew the blessing there was in having an old man or woman in the house, at the fireside, there would be more grandmothers adopted than there are.”

“You’re right, Phil,” said his wife. “I would not give up my childish recollections of our old nurse Young for a great deal. Father brought her back to live with us, after she was too old to go out, and she lived and died in our house. She was a great deal better than a statue or any other piece of art. When I am old I hope to be sufficiently picturesque to my grandchildren to be allowed to sit with my cap on by their fireside.”

“Oh, I shall make you very useful, mother,” said Sarah. “You won’t be permitted to sit idle. You will read to your grandchildren when they are taking their supper, just as grandmother used to read to Charles and me when we were little; and you will have to water the plants. Oh, I know you would be miserable if you were merely to sit still and be picturesque.”

They had come back to the Warwick Arms just as the omnibus drove up from the station, where it had been to meet another train. What was the entertainment of our friends to see their Oxford acquaintances get out from the omnibus! The gentleman gave a good-natured bow to Mr. Bodley.

“Ah! you came on in advance of us, I see,” and then, as he went in, he said to the waiter, who took his bags, “Is there any letter here for me, — for Mr. Bodley?”

The waiter looked from one gentleman to the other in a solemn fashion, as if he could not quite fathom the mystery.

“There is,” said Mr. Nathan Bodley, upon whom light broke first. “I owe you an apology, sir. My own name is Bodley, and I was handed a letter when I came, addressed to Mr. Bodley. It never occurred to me that there might be two of that name at the Warwick Arms at once, and I opened it. It puzzled me extremely, because I knew the writer, but could not make out why he should write me as

he did." He handed the letter to the Englishman, as he said this, who had listened with a perplexed air, while the children stared hard at the other young people.

"It's very extraordinary," said he. "Quite so. To be sure. I think I'm not mistaken in saying that you are from America, now?"

"Yes, we are from America. But you are English?"

"I shall be happy to exchange cards with you;" and with that the Englishman pulled out his card which showed him to be Mr. John Bodley, living in Salisbury. "I never met before with any of my name from America."

"The Bodley family in America is not large, and I don't think many have been over here. Their travels have been confined chiefly to America."

"Quite so. These are my children, John and Margaret."

Thereupon Mr. Nathan Bodley proceeded to introduce the different members of his party.

"You know I was quite amused," said Mr. John Bodley, "when you spoke of Sir Thomas Bodley's descendants this morning, for we claim him as an ancestor."

"We fancied we saw a resemblance in your children," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "We trace our own ancestry to the family of Sir Thomas, and really we made our visit to Oxford as much to see his portrait as anything."

"We must find out our connection," said the Englishman, and so after dinner the two parties sat together, and by dint of putting their genealogical knowledge into a common stock, made out that there were once two Bodley brothers, one of whom stayed in England, and from him descended Mr. John Bodley, while the other went to Massachusetts and from him came Mr. Nathan Bodley and Mrs. Phippy Van Wyck.

“Well,” said Charles, as he bade Sarah good-night, “what do you think of that boy and girl?”

“I don’t know,” said Sarah. “They did n’t say much.”

“I can’t help thinking how it would be to be English,” said Charles. “I know I can’t be, and I would n’t be anyway, but I just wish I knew how it felt.”

And young John Bodley was saying to his sister Margaret at the same time: “Madge, I never saw any real Americans before. They’re not nearly so different from other people as I supposed they would be. I wonder now if that boy has ever shot a buffalo.”

CHAPTER III.

OLD AND NEW ENGLAND.

THE next day was Sunday, and the entire party of English and American Bodleys went to church in St. Mary’s Church. There was a fine, long nave, which was divided from the choir by a very slight interruption, the choir being nearly of the same breadth, and thus the eye could travel a long distance. The party was given seats in the broad aisle, and the American children watched the people come into church with some curiosity, for they wished to see if it seemed like home. It was very much like home, so far as that families had their own seats, and came in in companies, and took their places. Just at eleven o’clock there was a bustle; a man wearing a long scarlet coat walked quickly up the aisle, and opened the door to a slip which ran lengthwise with the aisle and was opposite the children.

Then came a man in a long cape cloak of mouse color, bearing a gilt or brass mace about two feet high, with a crown at the top. This he screwed into position in front of the seat, and then came his lordship the Earl, with four or five other gentlemen, followed by another long cape-cloaked servant, who could be told from the first by a patch over his eye. When the Earl and his party were fairly installed, the three servants faced about and marched out of church. Charles and Sarah nudged each other. So this was the Earl of Warwick. They watched him in his seat, which was surmounted by his coat of arms, while before him was a big red cushion for his prayer-book. He gaped, he tickled himself, he rubbed his head — he was mortal. He looked like a respectable and dull old bank president. When service was over the three servants came in, and amongst them succeeded in unscrewing the bauble and opening the door, and so the Earl of Warwick marched out again.

“What did you think of the Earl of Warwick, father?” asked Charles, as they walked back to the inn.

“He seemed quite well behaved. I did n’t see him staring at us all the service.”

“He’s very quiet in his tastes,” said Mr. John Bodley, who was walking with them. “He does n’t go in for hunting, you know, and he’s really quite embarrassed. He’s expecting his eldest son, who has just married Miss Maynard, the great heiress.”

“How interesting!” said Mrs. Van Wyck. “You see, Mr. Bodley, we are Americans, and we can’t help being a good deal impressed by earls. An embarrassed earl now! it seems almost as unnatural as a king out of employment.”

“Oh, I assure you, Mrs. Van Wyck, it’s quite common, quite common. But his son will make it all right.”

“It’s pleasant,” said Mrs. Van Wyck, “to think that that excellent gentleman will not have to spend the rest of his days at Leicester’s Hospital and wear a long blue cloak.”

“Quite so. Very good. Yes, when the castle was burnt in 1871, it entailed a heavy loss upon the Earl. Have you seen the castle?”

“We’ve not been inside yet. I thought, perhaps, we should let this castle go and find one more out of repair.”

“Very good. Then you should see Kenilworth.”

“We mean to do so while we are here.”

“Now you have no castles in America, Mrs. Van Wyck, but you have one very old ruin, — very precious old ruin indeed, — which I should like amazingly to see. John, what is the name of that poem of Mr. Longfellow’s which you learned the other day?”

“‘The Skeleton in Armor.’”

“Yes, yes. That’s a fine ballád, and I understand you still have the remains of a tower built by the Norsemen at Newport, in Rhode Island. I don’t know just how near you live to Newport, but I fancy you know the place.”

“Oh yes, indeed, I have been there, and have seen the old mill.”

“But it’s very old. It’s quite before the time of the landing of the Pilgrims, I believe. You see I do know a little about your history.”

“If you had only been able to get from Mr. Nutt that copy of Palfrey’s History,” said Mr. Nathan Bodley, “you would have had all your pleasing fancies about the Newport tower sadly destroyed.”

“Dear me! Why, I sent for Palfrey’s History, because I was told that was your authority, and I thought I’d book myself about that and some other things. I’ve been quite interested in your country

of late. This sad business about the President brings us all together so, and then my children have been set to reading Longfellow."

"Well, since you failed to get your Palfrey, Mr. Bodley, I'll lend you my cousin here. Mr. Adams is Professor of American History and Literature in one of our colleges, and his principal business is to knock away all our old ideas and supply us with new ones."

"I like the new ideas best," said Cousin Ned, "and I always try to provide myself with one before I part with the old. Curiously enough we are in a very good neighborhood for looking into this matter. I thought at first, Mr. Bodley, that you had come here to make a historic examination into the Newport tower. I began to think you were stealing 'a march on me.'"

"Why, how now?"

"Take a walk with us to-morrow, and I will show you," said Cousin Ned.

"That's Cousin Ned's secret," exclaimed Sarah. "He told us he had a magnificent idea which would come out this week."

"Not so very magnificent, Sarah," said her cousin. "Pray don't expect too great things. I think I said it was the only original idea I had had for some time. But really you must n't make too much of it. It's a poor thing, but my own!"

The next day the entire party put themselves under Cousin Ned's guidance, a little curious as to where he would lead them. They were all good walkers, and the day was an admirable one for walking. The sun rarely came out from the clouds, but there was no rain, and the only drawback was to be found in the flies, which sometimes buzzed about their heads in a disagreeable fashion. The road which they took was the Banbury road, leading past the castle gate.

“Are we going to London, Cousin Ned?” asked Charles, as they came to an aged stone which served as a mile-stone and told the distance to London.

“This is the road but we shall stop short of the city. What singular stones these are.” They were three-sided stones, and the lettering was often hard to decipher. The guide-posts at the forks of the roads were very simple, and rarely gave distances, but only names of hamlets and obscure villages. It was a pretty rolling country through which they were walking. An ascent now and then gave them a view of a wide stretch of land under high cultivation, dotted with noble oaks and elms. Everywhere was the richest green, while a dewy, moist atmosphere lent a soft charm to the landscape, which was brightened now and then by the distant sunlight. About five miles from Warwick they left the Banbury road and took the old foss way.

“We are now really stepping on antiquity,” said Cousin Ned, “for this old foss way, as it is called, is the remains of one of the great Roman roads, and possibly of an even earlier British road.”

“Where does it start and where does it end?” asked Mr. John Bodley.

“The most northern limit is at Lincoln.”

“That was a Roman camp.”

“Certainly, and colony too, as the name shows. Two roads led from Lincoln: one almost directly south to London and thence to Canterbury and Dover; the other, on which we are, passed through Nottingham, Leicester, crossed Watling Street, kept on in the direction we are going, and so by Gloucester and Exeter to Dartmouth.”

“What is Watling Street?” asked Sarah.

“Oh, I know that,” said John Bodley, suddenly. “We’ve been to

it from Rugby. You go to Church Over, that 's between four and five miles from Rugby, and there 's a big mound right by Watling Street. It 's a Roman mound."

"But what is Watling Street?" asked Sarah again. "You have n't told us that."

"It was a Roman military road," said John. "Some of the fellows have been to Tripontium. That was a Roman station on Watling Street."

"Just think of reading Cæsar in school," said Sarah, "and then taking a walk to see an old Roman station."

"That 's nothing," said Charles. "We have lots of mounds in America made by the Indians."

"Have you, really?" asked John. "Did you ever see an Indian? but of course you have."

"Well, not exactly," said Charles. "And these mounds were made by Indians who lived long before the Indians that were living in America when we first went over." John stared at him.

"I thought you were born in America," said he.

"So he was, John," said Cousin Ned. "That 's only Charles's way of making himself an Englishman of the seventeenth century."

"I 'd like to see an Indian and his mound," said John. "But I 'd rather see the Indian if I could only see one."

"So it goes," said Mrs. Van Wyck, philosophically. "John wants an Indian because he can't get one, and Sarah wants a Roman because she can't get one. But, Ned, where are you taking us to on this Roman road."

"That 's the point I am aiming at," said he, pointing up to a hill-top that lay on their left. They all looked in the direction which he showed them.



CHESTERTON MILL.

"A mill!" said John. "Nothing but an old mill."

"Newport tower!" exclaimed Sarah.

"That is it, Sarah," said Cousin Ned. "We'll turn off here and make for it." So they crossed the fields for a mile or less, passed cattle and sheep grazing, and climbed the turf slope till they stood by the old mill, which had a deserted look about it.

"Now, do you mean to say that this looks like the tower at Newport that the Vikings built?" asked Mr. John Bodley, incredulously.

"To be sure," said Cousin Ned. "The likeness is very close, except in the material used. This is of dressed stone, and there is some work about the capitals and bases of the pillars. The structure at Newport is built of undressed stone, and is ruder every way, but the general character is the same."

The party walked about it and climbed a staircase, but the door into the chamber above was locked. Six arches, perhaps six feet apart, held up the chamber, and a round cap surmounted the structure. Upon the head of a window in the cap was the date of 1632. The arms of the windmill were there, but idle, for there were no sails upon them. The walls had been scratched and penciled over by numberless visitors.

"Well," said Mr. John Bodley, "I don't see but this is an old windmill, and I never saw one like it in England before, but what has it to do with the Newport tower? What place is this that we are in?"

"We are in Chesterton," said Cousin Ned. "Down there in the hollow are the marks of an old Roman camp by the foss way, and I suppose Chesterton got its name thus. But come, let us try that stone house yonder. I want to test my theory a little."

“I had forgotten,” said Charles. “This must be Cousin Ned’s pet theory. By all means let us test it. Do you keep it in a coop, Cousin Ned, at that house?”

They all moved down a road which led from near the mill to the house which they had seen. It was built of the same stone as the mill, and there were marks about the doorway and the niche above it, which showed it to have been built by the same hands as those which built the mill. The place had a somewhat deserted air, but so large a party could hardly help bringing out whoever might be within. As they skirted the building they saw that it was also a mill,—a water-mill,—for a sheet of water was behind it, and the wheels were in motion. An old woman appeared in a little doorway and said the master was in the yard below, making a rick, so down they went, and found a stout young farmer, who stopped his work to have a chat with the visitors.

He had known the mill six and twenty years, and had heard of its likeness to the Round Tower at Newport. It was the only structure of the kind in the county, and, so far as he knew, in the kingdom. That and the water-mill were built at the same time, so that when there was no water, the windmill was used, and when there was no wind, the water-mill was used. The machinery in the windmill had been changed from time to time, and had just been put in thorough repair. Oh yes, the mill had always been kept going. It was built originally by the Peyto family, to whom the estate belonged, and had passed from their hands into those of Lord Willoughby de Broke, who now owned it. If the gentlemen wished to follow the matter, they would find the Peyto family buried in Chesterton Church, a mile away across the fields.

“By all means,” said Mr. John Bodley. “Let us cross-examine

the dead Peytos ;” and so they followed the farmer’s directions, and crossed the fields to the little church, — a little old gray stone building, with a dumpy tower, sitting sleepily in an ancient church-yard, with a brick wall protecting it from careless intruders. There was a thatched cottage just back of the church, and Mr. Nathan Bodley went to the first door, and brought out, with his knock, an old woman, who looked somewhat startled at the large party which had assembled before her door.

“Have you the key to the church door ?” asked Mr. Bodley.

“I’m very sorry, sir. Until I was taken ill, I used to have the care of the church, but it’s been taken from me. The keys are kept by two girls now, who live with their old father in the next cottage, but they’re gone away for the day. I’ll see,” and so she knocked at the next door and tried it. “It’s locked, sir, they’re gone away. They’re often away.”

“That’s too bad,” said Cousin Ned. “But we can speer about the outside.” As they were walking slowly about the church-yard, an old man leaning on his stick came with difficulty up the hill and shambled into the yard, cap in hand.

“Good-day,” said Mr. Nathan Bodley. “This is an old church. I’m sorry we can’t see it, but the woman in the cottage over there tells me the key cannot be had.”

“She’s a wicked woman, sir,” said the old man, and his eye flashed. “She’s a false, wicked woman ; she’s a liar.”

“Well, can you get us the key ?”

“Certainly I can,” and off he hobbled.

“He uses plain English,” said Mrs. Bodley.

“Perhaps he learned it from this sun-dial,” said Mrs. Van Wyck, and she pointed with her sunshade to a dial over the porch, with the

somewhat ungracious inscription : " See, and be gone about your business."

" It is not very polite," said Mr. John Bodley. " I take it, Professor Adams, that it's a rebuke to you and me for coming to look at the bones of the Peytos."

" Well, we will obey the first injunction first ; here comes our angry friend."

The old man poked with his key at the lock of a very small door, which led not through the porch, but directly into the church. He was grumbling and muttering at the time, evidently still in a passion over the wicked woman.

" She can't be so very bad," said Mr. Nathan Bodley. " She went with me to your house and we knocked, and could not get in, and she said the girls had gone off for the day."

" So they had, sir : they had gone to see their aunt. But she knew I was in the potato field. I saw you, sir, and mistrusted you had come to see the church. The wicked woman ! she tries to prevent people from going in, ever since my daughter had the keys. Ten people !" said the old man, as he straightened himself and counted the little company. But the thought of a fee from ten people so mollified him that he became suddenly very gracious, and opening the door, let in the company to view the church.

The church had a single aisle with a timber roof. It had been repaired from time to time, but the walls were old. The old man's chief interest, however, was in the monuments to the Peyto family. There was one to Sir Humphrey Peyto and Anna his wife, recumbent figures in marble, while in relief behind them were their ten children. Great was the old man's uncertainty over the sex of two of these children. Five of the ten were unmistakably girls, two

were as surely men, one was an infant, but the other two had been a riddle apparently ever since the monument was set up, and the old man went ardently over the point of dress, face, and general appearance of these epicene creatures, sometimes verging to a confident assertion that they were monks. The ten were all kneeling, and had their hands placed together in the attitude of prayer; the dress of the women and of the doubtful beings concealed their legs; the sculptor had not this help in treating the men, and he had been obliged to fling the legs to one side in a hopeless way, since the men must face the spectator and could not be presented on their stumps. It was evidently a painful problem to the sculptor, which he had solved courageously but unsuccessfully. The date was 1585.

Another tablet recorded the virtues of one Mrs. Margaret Peyto, by whose will the estate had come into the hands of Lord Willoughby de Broke somewhere about the middle of the last century. The old man shook his head over this. He felt that the glories of the Peytos had been eclipsed, and he offered some dark hints that the property had not been altogether righteously obtained by the present owners. He took the party into the vestry, and showed them an old Peyto coat of arms which had been sent into dusty banishment; he took them by a narrow flight into the tower loft, and showed how he rang the chimes on the bells, grasping two ropes with his hands, and placing his foot in the noose of a third. He rang a little tune and then stood and rubbed his leg for a long time, explaining that he had once had a paralytic stroke.

He was a garrulous old fellow. After the party had ransacked the little church and looked at every monument, he followed them into the church-yard, and talked incessantly of himself and the parish. Upon that hill yonder was the old manor-house, which was taken down long ago and farm-houses made out of the stables.

“Do you see those trees yonder, sir?” he asked of Professor Adams, to whom he had especially attached himself. “Well, there was once a row, a double row of them from the ’ouse on the ’ill, over there, and an avenue led through them, and there was a double row of himages, sir, up to the ’ouse, so they call the ’ill the himage ’ill to this day, sir.”

“And what is that arch in the brick wall on the other side of the church-yard?” asked the Professor. “See, Nathan, what a singularly graceful one it is.”

“It is bricked up now, sir, but the Peytos used to come to church that way, and there was a little door into the church on that side for them to use.”

“What highly exclusive Peytos,” said the Professor.

“They were that,” said the old man, taking the phrase as generally complimentary. “Things have changed now. I’m seventy-three years old. I learned to read myself, sir. I had my Testament and my Prayer-book, and I followed the minister in the desk, and then after a while I got a Bible, and then I could follow both Lessons.”

“So you came to be clerk finally, I suppose,” said the Professor.

“No, sir. I was not schollard enough for that. I never had a pen in my hand. I could not write, sir, or I might have been. But my children could all read and write. And my youngest daughter, she’s twenty, and takes care of the church. Why, she can sit down and write anything, — *anything*, sir: she’s just like a lawyer.”

“How many children have you?”

“My wife brought me eleven, and seven of them are living; no, stop; not seven, only six, for one died a year ago.” Poor old fellow! he had so long counted and told off seven, that he forgot for a

moment how the number had been reduced. He received with profound gratitude the money which was given him, and muttered more maledictions on the wicked old woman as they moved away.

"It's a pity the old Peyto manor-house is gone," said the Professor. "I have no doubt it is one of Inigo Jones's houses. That arch in the brick wall was by Jones, I am sure; and there is a very clear tradition that Jones built the two mills, the water-mill and the windmill. The images on the hill were, I suppose, garden statues such as were in fashion then. Yes, if the Peytos and their house were here, I should make bold to try to get entrance."

"Why, what would you do inside, Cousin Ned?" asked Sarah.

"Ah, that's it, Sarah! what should I do? I should interest the most living Peyto in my theories, and hunt through his ancestral papers with him to establish it."

"Now, Cousin Ned, what is that theory of yours? I know it has something to do with this walk, and the old sexton, and the wicked old woman."

"Yes, everything we have seen to-day confirms my theory. I have been to Chesterton before, but I did not go to the water-mill or to the church."

"Well, Professor Adams," said Mr. John Bodley, "here is a shady place. I for one am a little tired. Suppose we all sit down and have your theory spread before us."

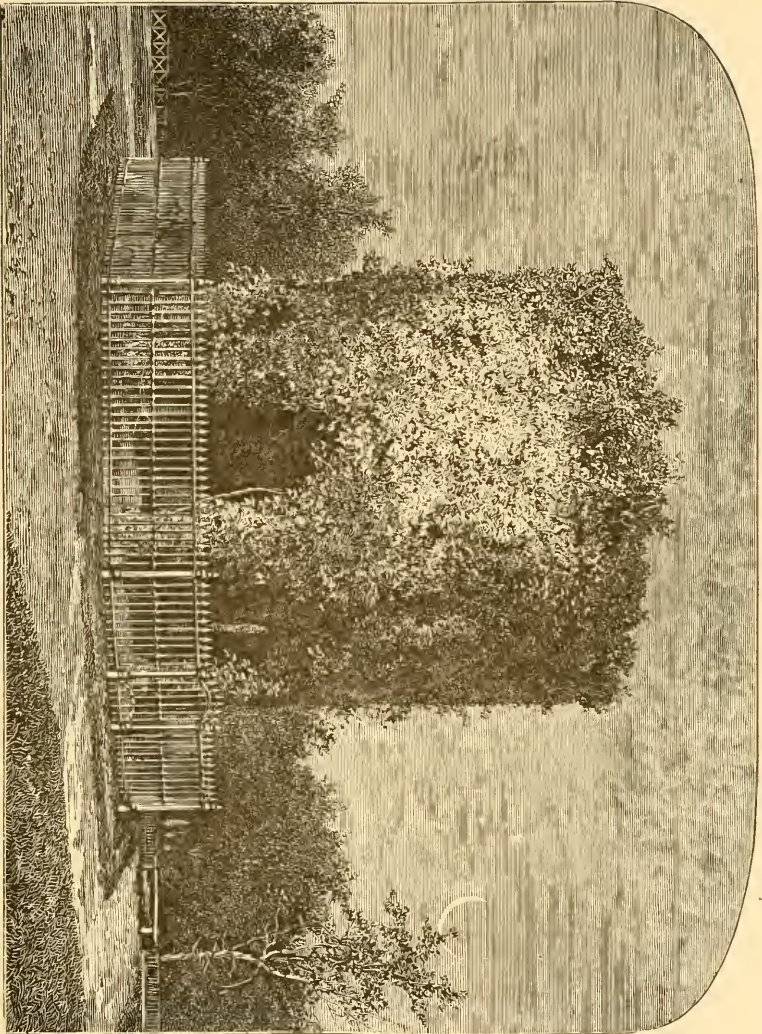
"We'll lunch off it," said Charles; "I for one am a little hungry."

"It does not offer a very hearty meal," said Cousin Ned, "but you are welcome to all there is of it. Mr. Bodley, you regretted that you failed to get a copy of Palfrey's History the other day. If you had received the book you would have read that Dr. Palfrey had no doubt in his mind of the likeness between the Newport tower

and this Chesterton mill. He came to Chesterton to see it, and he gives in his history a picture of each of the structures so as to show their resemblance. The Newport tower, he says, once had a hemispherical roof and a floor above the arcade, though both have now disappeared. The most interesting connection of the two, however, is through the man who appears first to have owned the Newport tower. Governor Arnold, of Newport, in his will, which is dated in 1677, directs that he shall be buried on a spot 'lying in my land in or near the line or path from my dwelling-house leading to my stone-built windmill in the town of Newport.' In another part of his will he speaks of 'my Lemmington farm;' and as it was very customary for New England people when they first left home to give the names of their old English homes to their new settlements" —

"Just as they do now in New Zealand," interrupted Mr. John Bodley.

"Yes, and as Eastern men in the United States repeat the names of their homes in the new Western settlements. So, there is a tradition that the Arnolds of Rhode Island were from Warwickshire, Dr. Palfrey says; and he thinks that Arnold, who was a young man of twenty when he came to America, may easily have remembered Chesterton mill as one of the wonders of the county, and repeated it when he built his stone-built windmill. Now that is where my theory comes in. Arnold was sixty years old when he built the mill. That is to say, an old writer reports that in 1675 the first windmill had been blown down, and as Arnold refers in 1677 to his stone-built windmill, Dr. Palfrey's very natural conjecture is that he built this Newport tower to replace the structure blown down, and that since the mill had been blown down, he built a solid one that would stand. But it was forty years after Arnold had seen the



THE ROUND TOWER AT NEWPORT.

Chesterton mill, and my objection is that his memory would have failed to supply him with the exact proportions and with details of the structure. So my little theory comes in to put this matter straight. I conjecture that Arnold, through influential friends, obtained from the Peyto family a copy of Inigo Jones's plans and measurements. He remembered the Chesterton mill, and was ambitious to copy it, but he needed drawings and details. Where could he better go for these than to the original designer of the mill? But Inigo Jones died in 1652, and he could not get the plans from him. Since, however, Jones built both the mills, and either built or added to the manor-house, for I am sure that arch in the brick wall was of his designing, he was most likely a friend of the Peyto family, and in the Peyto manor-house would be preserved the detailed drafts of the great architect. Now what I want" —

"Wait a moment, Cousin Ned," said Charles. "Who was this Inigo Jones? His first name makes up for his last."

"He was an architect in great favor in the early half of the seventeenth century. His name is said to have been given him by a Spanish godfather. He was a man of fine taste, and many admirable buildings and squares in London are the result of his designs. He was often called upon also to plan the pageants and masques which were so popular then, but as the glories of those pageants were built chiefly of pasteboard, there is nothing to show for them now. As I was saying, what I want is that by a happy chance I shall come upon a letter or writing of some sort which shall make it plain that Benedict Arnold, the Governor at Newport, availed himself of Inigo Jones's plans in building his stone windmill. I think it would be a great find."

"Can't you write the letter yourself, Ned?" asked Mr. Nathar Bodley.

“I may be driven to that,” said the Professor, “but I should prefer the real article to a forgery.”

“Perhaps the papers are in a box under the corner-stone of the Newport tower,” suggested Charles.

“Then they are in the safest place imaginable, for the Newport people will not let the old building fall down yet awhile. But I am afraid that when the vines upon it pull it to pieces there will be no corner-stone found. Governor Arnold had no idea how much interest posterity would take in his mill.”

“Well,” said Mr. John Bodley, “you have destroyed a very pretty fiction, but after all Mr. Longfellow’s poem will keep building it up again. You see such an ignorant fellow as I am would have continued to believe in the Norse tower, if you had not chanced to come along with your inconvenient learning.”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Van Wyck, “if it were not for the poets, we should believe the historians, and they would keep us on bread and water if they could have things all their own way.”

After resting they all walked to Leamington, where they dined, and walked back to Warwick in the cool of the evening, well satisfied with their day’s excursion.

CHAPTER IV.

A RAINY DAY.

THE day that followed was a wet one, and no one stirred out of the house in the morning. The old inn afforded the children some

entertainment. In the room which Cousin Ned occupied, and where he was busily engaged writing, they amused themselves with watching from the window what went on in the court-yard of the inn. The window itself was an old one. Upon one of the small panes of glass were scratched names and dates and words which were easily deciphered. Lieutenant Thompson, of the Londonderry regiment, had evidently been shut up in the room on a dull day, for he had traced on the glass his name and date, July 21, 1795, and above his name, "Love — Lovely Miss M. Williamson."

"See, Cousin Ned," said Sarah. "Here is a romance begun on the window-pane. I wonder if the gallant Lieutenant Thompson married the lovely Miss Williamson."

"He probably ran away with her," said John Bodley.

"And carried her off to America," said Charles.

"Where she lived, in a windmill," said Margaret. "That would translate the 'Skeleton in Armor' into modern prose."

"And long after," resumed Sarah, "his bones, covered with a pair of overalls and a miller's coat, were found by Professor Adams as he was taking a walk near the windmill."

"You ruthless little nineteenth century people," exclaimed Cousin Ned. "As a punishment, when I have finished my writing and we have had lunch, I mean to take you to Stratford, to show you where Shakespeare was born and died."

The boys and girls left the Professor alone so that he could get through his work earlier, and after lunch he took them in charge and carried them by rail to Stratford, only eight miles or so away. The older people, who had all been to Stratford before, chose to remain in the inn to sight-seeing in the rain; but our party were not daunted by the rain, and trudged along through Stratford streets in their india rubber coats and waterproofs.

“There ’s a good deal of Shakespeare in this little town,” said Charles, as they walked. “Here is a Shakespeare inn, and I just saw a Falstaff inn.”

“And Great William Street,” said Sarah. “I suppose that William Shakespeare was the Great William.”

“Yet I suppose,” said Charles, philosophically, “that the boys once called him Bill.”

“Will, more likely,” said his cousin. “Then there is Hathaway Court and Arden Street. It is like a great Shakespeare bazaar. We must make our first visit to the house where he was born.”

A big sign upon a street corner pointed “To Shakespeare’s House,” and the house was easily found. The buildings on either side had been taken down to lessen the danger of fire, and behind the house was that in which the custodian lived, the house itself being used wholly as a Shakespeare museum. It was some little time before the bell was answered, and then the custodian opened the outer door and let the party in.

“I hope you are not tired of answering this bell,” said Cousin Ned, politely.

“Oh no, sir,” she said. “I opened the door for twelve thousand people last year.”

“And not one of them was a Shakespeare,” said Sarah.

“Indeed, miss, there were two or three Shakespeares among them. There’s one living in this town now.”

“Does he write plays?” asked Sarah, demurely. “It was that kind of a Shakespeare I was thinking of.”

“He ’s a cordwainer,” said the woman. “This is the room” —

“Oh, do tell us first what a cordwainer is,” said Sarah. “I’ve always read about cordwainers, and never knew what they were.”

“Why, a cordwainer,” said Margaret, “is a shoemaker.”

"It's a much finer name," said Sarah. The woman who showed the house was not well pleased with the interruption. It was so much easier to take a party from one room to another and name off the things she had shown to the thousands of earlier parties, and to use just the same words! Poor thing! how fresh at first must have been her interest! how eagerly she must have studied everything with reference to the interesting objects of her museum! and how dull must be the same old story to her, after she had told it twenty thousand times or more!

The children went through the rooms and looked at the curiosities. They sat in the chair which Shakespeare was said to have sat in. They saw Shakespeare's school desk, very old and much hacked, and his seal ring, and his mug, and the stirrups he wore. There was no clothing, and not a scrap of his writing.

"What would not people give for a letter of Shakespeare's!" said Cousin Ned.

"Half the people would not believe it was his," said the woman, with a sigh.

"Then you have people come here," said he, "who doubt if Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare?"

"Yes, sir. There are more every year."

"Well, Stratford, and this house, and the church, and grave, are formidable witnesses to a belief in Shakespeare, and I don't think people are going to abandon the belief to satisfy a few theorists who all agree only to doubt."

"What if the house should burn down!" said Charles, as they walked away.

"They never allow any light or fire in the building," said his cousin, "so that the chances of destruction are lessened. It's an

interesting shrine, but how much more indestructible Shakespeare's dramas are! No fire can destroy them. No, not even the critics can conceal them," he added.

On the way to what is called Shakespeare's New Place, where he went to live when he returned, a comfortable citizen, to Stratford, they passed a beer shop with a painted sign above it, representing the old mill at Chesterton. They came to New Place. Not a vestige remains of Shakespeare's house but the supposed foundations of a portion, covered with netting for further protection. Here one can trace the lines on the earth upon which the walls stood.

"Well!" said Cousin Ned. "This rubs out Shakespeare pretty effectually. If I were a disbeliever in Shakespeare, I should call this pretty good negative proof. This reminds me of the wit's account of the Charter Oak: that the hole in which the Charter was hid was brought over in the tenth century, and the Oak which was to surround it was planted in the eleventh century."

There was a pretty walk up to the church through an aisle shaded with lime-trees, and the children stopped at the porch to read the notices posted on the door. One of them was headed:—

"The return of the Church-wardens and Overseers of the Poor of the borough or township of Stratford-upon-Avon. . . . of men qualified to serve on juries."

"Here is William Shakespeare's name in the list!" exclaimed Margaret Bodley.

"To be sure," said Sarah. "He is our old friend the cordwainer. See, he is set down 'Shakespeare, William, cordwainer, a freeholder.'"

"But what a singular place to post the notice," said Charles.

"Why?" asked John.

"Why, it's on a church door. I should think it would be on the



STRATFORD CHURCH.

town-hall door, or the court-house, or the police station. And here are all these notices."

"We always have them so," said John. "I don't see anything odd about it."

"You would have seen just such notices once on church doors in New England, Charles," said his cousin. "You are used to seeing the church kept quite distinct from the town. It is under the control of a society in America, that has nothing to do with overseers of the poor or juries. By the way, Charles, what do you mean by a parish?"

"A parish? why — why, it is the people who go to some particular church."

"Is that your idea of a parish, John?"

"No. A parish is a town or a part of a town."

"You are both pretty nearly right. In England a parish is a territory under the government of some one church, and the officers of that church have a certain authority over all the people within that territory. People all belong to one parish or another, whether they go to the parish church or not. In America a parish has no territorial bounds; it is made up of people who voluntarily connect themselves with some particular church. The parish priest in England is a magistrate as well as a preacher and pastor, and a good many affairs are under the control of the parish which with us are managed wholly by the town."

"Then what did you mean," asked Charles, "when you said that in New England notices used to be on the church doors?"

"The Englishmen who came over to New England first were used to something like our town government as we now have it, only it was parish government, and so at first when churches were built

they were built for the whole town, and all the people had to support them. The church and the town were pretty much the same thing; but little by little, as the towns grew, and new churches were formed, and the people differed in religious matters, the power came to reside in the towns, which had territorial limits, and not in the churches, which were built in the towns. The New England town is the old English parish with changes and additions. Most of the changes took place, I think, because, as the people elected both their ministers and their town officers, they came to separate the ministers more and more from the town officers, to make them look after the spiritual affairs, while the town officers looked after the temporal. But come, let us go into the church."

They passed into the cool, dark church, and made their way to the one point of interest in it, to where Shakespeare's bones were laid and Shakespeare's bust stood upon the wall above. They read the familiar lines upon the stone which is supposed to cover Shakespeare's remains:—

" Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

"I should think it would make everybody want to pry up this stone," said Charles.

"It does excite one's curiosity," said his cousin. "Who do you suppose wrote the lines?"

"Why, Shakespeare."

"Before or after he died?"

Charles hesitated.

"Why, of course, before he died."

“ Well,” said his cousin, “ do you think it was before he wrote ‘ Hamlet ’ or after ? ”

“ Why, what do you mean ? ”

“ Do you think that the man who wrote these lines was capable of writing ‘ Hamlet ’ ? ”

“ I really never thought. But did n’t Shakespeare write these lines ? ”

“ Perhaps he did, and perhaps, also, he wrote

“ ‘ Steal not this book for fear of shame,
For here you see the owner’s name.
At the last judgment God will say,
Where is that book you stole away ? ’ ”

No. It is a piece of doggerel, such as one finds on old grave-stones cut by country stone-masons. There used to be a stock of these old rhymes, from which any one could draw. I suppose the stone-mason who was called in when Shakespeare was buried thought he must give poetry to a poet, and so cut these lines.”

“ How strange,” said Margaret Bodley, as they walked away, “ that great Shakespeare should be buried here in a country church, and not in Westminster Abbey, in the Poets’ Corner.”

“ When he died, Margaret, he was by no means so famous as now, and then I do not think that Westminster Abbey was at that time made the resting place of famous poets outside of London. Chaucer and Spenser both died near Westminster. Shakespeare, you know, has a monument there.”

There was a footpath from the neighborhood of the church to Shottery, and they walked by it to take a look at the cottage where Anne Hathaway, whom Shakespeare married, had lived. The railroad had somehow done more than give a modern air to the place ;

it had seemed to cheapen nature, and the children thought the muddy path they trod must be very unlike the one which Shakespeare took when he strolled across the fields to see Anne. Her cottage had others like it in the neighborhood, — thatch-roofed, old grandam looking cottages, — which quite satisfied the eye, and the little hamlet could easily have seemed to them the same as that which Shakespeare looked upon if it were not for the dreary, dull brick houses scattered about, and the slovenly roads. All the rusticity seemed to have gone out, and only the meaner side of poverty to have been left. The party strolled about Shottery and came back to Stratford, where they bought a jug or two and some wooden ware, all marked with pictures of Shakespeare's house and the church, and so went back to Warwick.

The rain had not ceased all day, and indeed it had grown so chilly that a fire had been built in the sitting-room which the Bodleys and Van Wycks used, and here, after dinner, the entire party gathered.

“Could you not connect Shakespeare in some way with Chesterton mill and the Newport tower?” asked Mr. John Bodley of Cousin Ned.

“I am afraid that as Shakespeare died in 1616, and the mill was built in 1632, it would be rather difficult to get him any nearer than the spot where the mill afterward stood. He very likely walked along the old foss way, and perhaps stood on the hill, for it is not much farther from Charlecote, where Shakespeare went poaching, than Charlecote is from Stratford. I am afraid I have exhausted my ingenuity on Chesterton without working in Shakespeare.”

“Ned,” said Mr. Nathan Bodley, “could n't you invent the necessary papers to prove your little theory about the mill?”

"I have been guilty of that very palpable deceit. In fact, I amused myself this rainy morning with putting together the various parts of my puzzle."

"Oh, that was what he was writing this morning when we were in his room," cried Sarah.

"Then let us hear it," said Mr. John Bodley.

"Very well," said the Professor, "I wrote it to clear out my mind, and I will read it, so as to dismiss the whole matter. I think we have made about as much of my tender little theory as it will bear. Charles, bring me my portfolio, please. It's on the table in my room."

The portfolio was brought, and Professor Adams read from it the short tale which he had contrived out of the bits of fact and fancy which gathered about the old mill.

A WINDMILL IN SPAIN.

One September afternoon in 1632 a lad was seated on a mound by the side of the old Roman foss way which crossed England in a diagonal direction. The mound whereon he sat was a part of the old Roman camp, which had once been a station upon the foss way. Here Roman soldiers had once had their camp-fires and watched the stars, where now, upon the grassy plain, a flock of sheep were grazing. The lad who sat here knew who the Romans were, for he was the son of a well to do country gentleman, William Arnold, Esquire, of Leamington, and he had studied Latin with the rector of the church at Leamington. He had read Cæsar's "Commentaries," and knew how the Romans had come to England, and he knew that the roadway behind him had echoed to the tramp of Roman soldiers' feet as they had marched from Lincoln to the sea-coast. He

fell to thinking of the Romans, and though the land had been overrun by armies since that day, he wondered how it would be to come here, and, instead of finding a flock of peaceful sheep, to see a company of soldiers laying out a camp. He was a quiet lad, much given to reverie, and as he lay at full length upon the grass he tried to imagine an England where men from Leamington should march against men from Stratford, and meet here for deadly conflict upon the old Roman camp.

It was easy to see why Romans should have come to England and have tried to get possession of it, and why Spaniards, in Queen Elizabeth's day, should have planned a great armada with which to make a descent upon English coasts; but what likelihood was there that Englishmen should fight Englishmen on their own soil? The Wars of the Roses had long ago been ended. King Charles the First was on the throne of England, and his son of the same name, now two years old, would be king after him. Then he remembered some of the talk he had heard at his father's table; his father was a Puritan gentleman, and some of his neighbors were Puritans also, and many an earnest word had been uttered in the boy's hearing. They talked of the king and of Parliament. Three years ago the king had dissolved Parliament, and it was even feared that he meant to govern England without any Parliament at all. In that Parliament were many outspoken men, and often had young Arnold heard the story how, when the king had ordered Parliament dissolved, and the Speaker of the House had risen to declare it dissolved, Holles and Valentine had held him down by main force, while Holles had read a protest declaring that any one who should favor or countenance Popery, or should voluntarily pay any subsidy not granted by Parliament, should be counted an enemy to the kingdom.

There were troublous times at hand, every one said, and some had even despaired of peace at home and had taken their households and all their stuff to New England across the seas. Worthy John Winthrop, Esquire, of Suffolk, had gone, and it was said that a thousand had gone with him. All these things had disturbed young Benedict Arnold, but he found it hard to believe that Englishmen would actually take up arms against other Englishmen. All that seemed as far off and as dim as the coming of the Romans fifteen centuries and more ago. He tried to send away the thought, and so he fell to thinking what he himself would like best to be. Was there anything better than living in this peaceful country all his days?

Yes, there was one dream which he had. A hundred miles away lay the city of London. He never had been there, but he had heard of its wonders. To be sure, he had heard chiefly of the wickedness of the place. His father had been there at the beginning of the year, and had frowned as he told of the masque which had been presented, with all its folly and revelry and its waste of money; but Benedict had caught enough of the pageant from his father's account to build it over again in his mind, as he lay looking up into the clouds that crossed the sky.

The sound of distant voices broke in on his dreams, and he looked in the direction whence the sound came. There, upon the round hill which lay toward the hamlet of Chesterton, was a party of workmen with carts and horses. He was too far away to see what they were doing; they had but lately come upon the scene, and he was curious to know what they were about. For all his love of dreaming the lad was an active fellow, and now he strode across the field toward the hill. As he drew near he made out one figure different

in dress and appearance from those of the diggers and ditchers who were at work; toward him he went frankly, and saw that he held a paper in his hand, and was now and then marking upon it. The worthy looked up as Benedict came forward, and gave him a pleasant smile. Benedict saw a graceful man of sixty, with long, curling hair, a close-curling beard and moustache, and a vigorous, strongly marked face, with a pair of bright, searching eyes. He took off his cap to the man.

“Have you come to see the famous mill?” asked the man.

“I did not know, sir, what it was you were building. What a company of men to build a mill!”

“Oh, but this is no common wooden mill,” said the stranger, laughing gayly; “this is to be a stone mill to stand forever, or as long as the wind blows, at least. There’s not another mill like it in the kingdom.”

The wind was fluttering the papers which he held, and he found it difficult to keep them open where he would have them.

“Let me hold the papers for you,” said Benedict.

“Thank you, my lad, if you will just lay hold of that corner and keep it down. You look like a fine fellow. Are you one of this county?”

“Yes, sir, my father is a Leamington squire.”

“Ah? I saw a Leamington squire in London last New Year’s,” and the stranger laughed again, lightly. “He did not like the masque.”

“That was my father,” said Benedict, quickly. He would not let this stranger speak ill of him.

“Did he tell you what he said to me?”

“I do not know who you are,” said the boy, “and how, then, should I know?”

“I am Inigo Jones, at your service.”

“Why, you made the masque!” exclaimed Benedict.

“To be sure. Ben Jonson and I made it. That is my business, or part of it. You see I am now making a windmill, and below there I am making a water-mill.”

“And you made the Peyto manor-house, with the images on the hill.” The boy spoke with enthusiasm.

“To be sure,” and Inigo Jones looked at him with interest. “Do you like it?”

“It is beautiful,” said he. “Is there anything more beautiful in London?”

“There will be when I have completed the repairs of St. Paul’s,” said the architect, with an amused air. “Come, how do you like my windmill?” and he showed him on another leaf a drawing of his design. Benedict looked at it long and thoughtfully.

“I think Cæsar might have built it,” he said, finally.

“Good, my lad,” and Jones patted him on the shoulder. “What makes you say that?”

“Because of the arches,” said the boy, hesitating, “and I suppose because it stands here near the old Roman camp.”

“Right again! why! that is the reason I planned it as I did. I wanted people some day to fancy that it was built when the camp was made. But that was not the only reason.” And then the architect explained carefully how he intended the free passage of air under the arches to prevent an eddy which lessens the power of the wind when striking upon the sails. He was pleased with Benedict’s questions and answers. “I see that you notice things, my lad,” said he, as he finally rolled up his drawings. “Why should you not be an architect? Come to London and study with me. I forgot,

though," and he laughed again. "You must ask your father what he said to me. Now I must betake myself to the manor." He bade the lad good day, and they separated, Benedict to hasten home, full of new ideas and dreams.

Every day thereafter, when he could make time for it, he walked or rode his pony to the old camp, and watched the mill grow under the hands of the masons and workmen. The architect did not come again; he had left his plans to be carried out, and so complete had he made his design, that no question arose which could recall him. Meanwhile Benedict had told his father of his encounter with him. One thing only he had not told, and that was the hearty invitation which Inigo Jones had given him to come up to London and study architecture with him. He kept this to himself as a fair dream, scarcely to be whispered to his own heart. He knew it would have no charm for his father.

William Arnold was a zealous Puritan. He was watching with the closest care the movements in the kingdom, and long and often did he discourse with a few friends touching what should be done if King Charles and his bishops were to take from Englishmen the liberty which they held dearer than life. He sent letters also across the water to Massachusetts Bay, and received thence long letters telling him of the affairs of the colony there. Months went by, and the more he considered the times, the more he was drawn to try his fortune in the new land. He had two sons younger than Benedict, Thomas and Stephen, and with these three lads he made no doubt he should prosper. His wife had died, and perhaps this loneliness made him more willing. But there was need of caution, for there were many in the king's counsels who looked with ^dconcern upon the departure out of the kingdom of men of substance and standing;

so that at last, when he had resolved to go, he said little of his plans to his neighbors, but set out for London with his family, and left an agent in care of his estate.

The boys were in high spirits over the adventure of a journey to London, but Benedict, forsooth, was the only one of the three who was acquainted with his father's purposes. His father had confided in him, for he was the eldest and was not far from twenty years old, quiet in his ways and inviting trust, but with a look sometimes in his face which told of dreams and wishes which he kept to himself. Now he was going to London, but in spite of the fact that London was only a stopping-place on their way to the west of England, whence they were to sail for America, the new life in that distant land had no such charm for him as the prospect of looking upon the great city, and seeing its famous buildings, its palaces and churches, and new squares. He wanted to see Whitehall Banqueting room, and the new piazza of Covent Garden. These were among the works of the great Inigo Jones, for Benedict had treasured in his memory everything which he had heard or read of the famous architect.

They were to be in London a few weeks, and while the elder Arnold was busy with his affairs, the boys were left much to themselves, though Benedict, now a stout young man, was well able to look after his younger brothers. It chanced one day that he was walking through St. Martin's Lane. To tell the truth he was taking that way, which had but lately been built, that he might get into the green country beyond; for it was now early spring, and poor Benedict, who had been so eager to get into the city, was pining for the fresh fields beyond. He had come up from the noisy and dirty Strand, and had caught a glimpse of the open country.

Toward that he was bending his steps, when suddenly a hand was laid upon his shoulders. He looked up, and there to his surprise and joy was the great architect, who had a town house in St. Martin's Lane.

"What! is it thou?" asked Inigo Jones, heartily. "Hast thou come up to town to learn my art?" Benedict blushed and was confused.

"No, sir," and then he hesitated, for he knew that it was his father's wish that he should not spread his intention of going to America.

"Come in, come in," said the architect. "We are right at my door," and Benedict followed him into the house.

"Anne! Anne!" cried Inigo, as they entered. "Come hither!" and a girl came running forward, who stopped suddenly as she saw a youth with her father. "This is my young friend, Benedict Arnold, of Warwickshire, of whom I told you. Let us have some Canary and cakes." The girl hastened away to do his bidding, and had he never seen her again, young Benedict would never have forgotten the fresh, fair maiden who had so unexpectedly appeared. But see her again he did, for not only did she hover about them as the architect talked with the young man, but she came also once or twice to the studio whither Inigo carried his young friend, and where there was at work a cousin of hers, one Master Webb.

"Come," said the architect to Benedict. "Join my nephew here, Master Webb, and I'll warrant you will soon go beyond him. Eh, Anne, do you think your cousin is the cloth out of which great artists are woven," and he gave her a mischievous look.

Benedict looked wistfully at the drawings and plans which hung about the walls or stood on tables, but he could not help stealing a

good many glances also at the pretty Anne, who flitted about the room like some tame sparrow that had never known fear of man. To him, it seemed as though to be in the place of this young Master Webb would be worth more than all the wooded acres of America of which his father talked. He slipped away at last, and once in the lane again he kept on into the open country, for he wanted to dream and think before he should return to his father.

When he did rejoin his father he found the old Puritan wondering where he had been, yet in such excellent spirits that he forgot to chide his son.

“The way is now clear,” said he. “There is a vessel to sail from Dartmouth early in May, and some of our kinsfolk from Dorset are going. We will take passage in her, and, the Lord willing, we shall be in New England before the summer is over. And I have found a vessel which is to sail for Dartmouth to-morrow night, so we can be on our way at once.”

“Father,” said Benedict with a trembling voice. “This is very sudden.”

“Fear not the voyage, my son.”

“Oh, it is not that I fear. I — I would fain stay in England.”

“There you speak without due knowledge. I have heard much more than I have told you. The Papists are the real rulers of England. This Bishop Laud is a Papist in disguise. The king is in his hands, and it will go hard with every godly man in the kingdom.”

“I fear I shall make a poor planter,” said Benedict, trying to stave off what he knew to be inevitable.

“Tut, tut, lad. In that new country you will be farmer and miller with the best of them. You have good English stuff in you, though you were always something of a dreamer.”

“ Might it not be well,” he suddenly asked with a new hope, “ if I were to stay here long enough to learn a trade, like that of building, and then I could be of more use to you in the new countries ? ” The father looked at him narrowly.

“ You would like to learn how to build a mill, perhaps,” said he. “ Hast thou seen that Papist architect who turned your head awhile since ? ”

“ Yes, sir,” said Benedict, boldly. “ I met him by chance to-day, and he told me he would teach me his art if I would come to him.”

“ Aye, he would teach thee more arts than one. Nay, Benedict, we have no need of any St. Paul’s in America. The Lord is not to be worshipped in palaces and fine courts. I saw this Inigo Jones once, and delivered a message to him.”

Benedict was silent. He knew not what to say. The remembrance of the good-natured architect and the bright room and mistress Anne lightly stepping, came back to him as a dream which he tried to hold fast by, when he knew that he was waking to reality and to things as they are. He stood so long in silence that his father wondered what was passing in the young man’s mind.

He never knew, for Benedict kept close the fading dream. On the morrow the party took their leave, and after a month’s delay in Dartmouth, they sailed on Friday, the first day of May, 1635, for the new land. They anchored in Massachusetts Bay on June 24th.

They did not, however, remain in the colony, but took their way to Narragansett Bay the next spring, and settled at Providence Plantation.

It lay upon Benedict Arnold’s mind that he had left Inigo Jones and his daughter with never a word. Often did he think of them in his new home. Five years after the Arnolds had left England

Benedict took to himself a wife, Demaris. They lived till 1651 at the Providence Plantation, and then removed to Newport. It chanced that Roger Williams was to go to England in behalf of the colonists in 1643, and Benedict Arnold, who saw him often at his father's house, walked with him, just before he went, in the orchard.

"I have a request to make of thee," he said. "There was a great man of London, Sir Inigo Jones, who befriended me when I was a lad. I fear much that I did not show him true gratitude. Wilt thou seek him out, tell him of my prosperity, of my marriage, indeed, and whatsoever thou wilt, and that I do not forget him here in America — nor any of his household," he added after a pause. The good minister did not forget young Benedict Arnold's message. It was an easy matter to find the great architect, and when he returned to Rhode Island, Roger Williams sought his friend.

"That was a man worth knowing," said he, as he told of his interview with Inigo Jones. "He spared not to show me many things, and he asked many questions of you and of our life here in the wilderness. He had not known where you were till he made inquiries in Warwickshire. I saw also his daughter, Mistress Webb."

"Ah!" said Benedict.

"She also would know much of you, but methought she was constrained in her questions. I asked them if they had any message for you, and Sir Inigo bade me give you this roll."

Benedict received it, but did not open it then. He thanked the minister for his kindness and then went by himself. He opened the roll and found it to contain the plans of the stone mill at Chester-ton. In a corner were the words: —

"A remembrance of a friendship."

There was no name signed, but the writing was in a woman's hand. Benedict Arnold laid the plans away. He had many labors in those days. With Demaris, his wife, he had the care of his little household, of Benedict and Caleb and Josiah. He had his clearing in the wilderness to make fertile. He had to keep on friendly terms with the Indians, and he succeeded Roger Williams as governor of the colony. They were days of hard work and patient toil, but year by year the colony thrived. Governor Arnold was known as a wise man and one of great charity. He was one of those who befriended the persecuted Quakers. At length, when he had reached the evening of his days and all was peaceful about him, care was taken from him, and though he was looked up to for counsel, and served when called upon as governor, he had a calm and gentle life. The balmy air of Newport had somewhat to do with this, but perhaps more was due to the slow melting of his dreams into a life of labor and toil for others, and now the trooping back of his dreams as the stars come out in the heavens. He remembered the years that were gone, and the faces which he had once known. He was like a man who had come to the end of a long journey, upon which he had dreaded to set out, but now that he was at the end could not and would not return to the pleasant fields which he had been loth to leave. He had no regrets for his life; it had not been wasted; but he brought back to himself in those still days the remembrance of unfulfilled hopes, and, musing thus, he resolved one day, with a smile on his lips, to build upon his pleasant farm a stone windmill, like that which he had known at Chesterton. It must needs be ruder, but it was built upon the plans which the architect's daughter had given him. Half way from his house to this mill he laid in the earth a little daughter who had died, and often as he sat by his door and

watched his substantial mill, his eyes traveled to the grave and then beyond. He was a silent man, who said little. His family and his friends thought him very proud of his stone built windmill since he sat so long every evening with his eyes turned upon it. He smiled at their thoughts, but he did not tell them that the mill was a boyish dream turned by a man's toil into a shape which was to him half a monument to a buried hope, and half a witness to his helpful life.

"It seems that we must have some sentiment about the old mill," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "and since the Northmen have taken their leave, I am quite ready to people the place with English men and maids. But, Cousin Ned, could you not have found some more agreeable name for your hero than that of Benedict Arnold?"

"Unhappily, Phippy, the name is the historic truth upon which my little romance is built."

"But he surely was not an ancestor of the wretch who betrayed his country?"

"The direct ancestor. Benedict Arnold of shameful memory was the great-grandson of Benedict of the mill. A straight succession of Benedicts leads from one to the other."

"All the virtue must have leaked out by the way," said Mrs. Bodley. "However, if children may redeem a father's evil name, perhaps a great-grandfather may partly atone for a wicked descendant."

CHAPTER V.

A COUNTRY WALK.

THE day that followed was as lovely as heart of man could desire, and our friends welcomed it joyfully, because it helped them so well to carry out a plan they had formed for taking a walk together over a road which showed them the heart of England. The English Bodleys had volunteered to show them the way; they had been over the ground before; and so, sending their bags by rail, they stepped out cheerfully along the road to Coventry.

“I have heard,” said Mr. John Bodley, “that two Englishmen once laid a wager as to which was the finest walk in England. One named the walk from Stratford to Coventry, and the other the walk from Coventry to Stratford, so it was hard to tell which won the wager.”

“I’ve tried it both ways,” said John Bodley, “and I think the only difference is in the time of day you take it. This morning the other walk is finer, because we should n’t have the sun so much in our faces.”

However, a thin veil of clouds soon hid the sun, and they all trudged along the broad, shaded road. About a mile on the way they came to Guy’s Cliff, where was a fine manorial house beautifully placed in the woods. There was a singular and very captivating glimpse of it to be had from the road, for a section of the garden wall had been removed, and they could look through this opening to the house beyond. A couple of gate posts stood at the opening, and between them stretched a long, noble avenue of greensward

marked by two rows of stately firs and terminating at the house. It was exactly as if this were the main entrance, but there was no gate no road, and a low wall between the posts, without interrupting the vista, sufficiently protected the place from intrusion. Upon the opposite side of the highway in a field was an artist under an umbrella, who was sketching the scene. They had not noticed him as they came along, and now as they all stood in a group admiring the vista, they made a sufficiently impervious wall.

"Beg your pardon," came from a voice behind them, "but will you kindly open a little, so that I can see through you?" They started, turned, and discovered the artist, who nodded his thanks. The children would gladly have made a circuit and looked over his shoulder, but they were not invited.

"You have a delightful subject," said Mr. Nathan Bodley.

"Quite so," said the artist. "It is all arranged for me, and I have nothing to do but to copy it."

"Do you know if the family is at home?" asked Mr. John Bodley.

"Yes," said the artist, "for a week past."

"Then we can't see the house," said Mr. Bodley, "but I think we'll go to the mill," and so, as he was the guide, he led his party through a gateway to a mill, which stands at one side of Guy's Cliff, where they had a pretty view of the water, and the garden, and the rear of the house, where light smoke was curling from the chimneys.

"One has to pay something of a penalty," said Professor Adams, "for owning an historic house or a picture gallery. He must submit to being besieged by tourists and sight-seers. I can conceive that one might finally be driven away. Think if one chanced to be liv-

ing with his family about him in Shakespeare's house, and wished to lead a quiet, scholarly life, perhaps engaged in an examination of the Shakespeare traditions! No placard or general advertisement would save him. He would have to give up the struggle finally."

"What I cannot understand," said Mr. John Bodley, "is the modern rage for travel and sight seeing. Our great-grandfathers had no such passion. Now you Americans cross an ocean and spend no end of money to see an old gravestone or a tumble-down wall, and we go off to Paris and Rome and walk about looking at the houses where famous men and women have lived. Is it simply because it is easier to get about, with our steamboats and railways?"

"I think it is because we have more things to care about," said Mr. Nathan Bodley. "Ever since the world woke from its long nap in the Middle Ages, it has been taking a great deal more interest in itself. People have learned to read, for one thing, and the more they fill their minds with what is in books, the more they want to see how the things look of which the books tell,—the battle fields where battles have been fought, the castles in which knights have lived, and the houses where poets were born. They want to make all these things real to themselves."

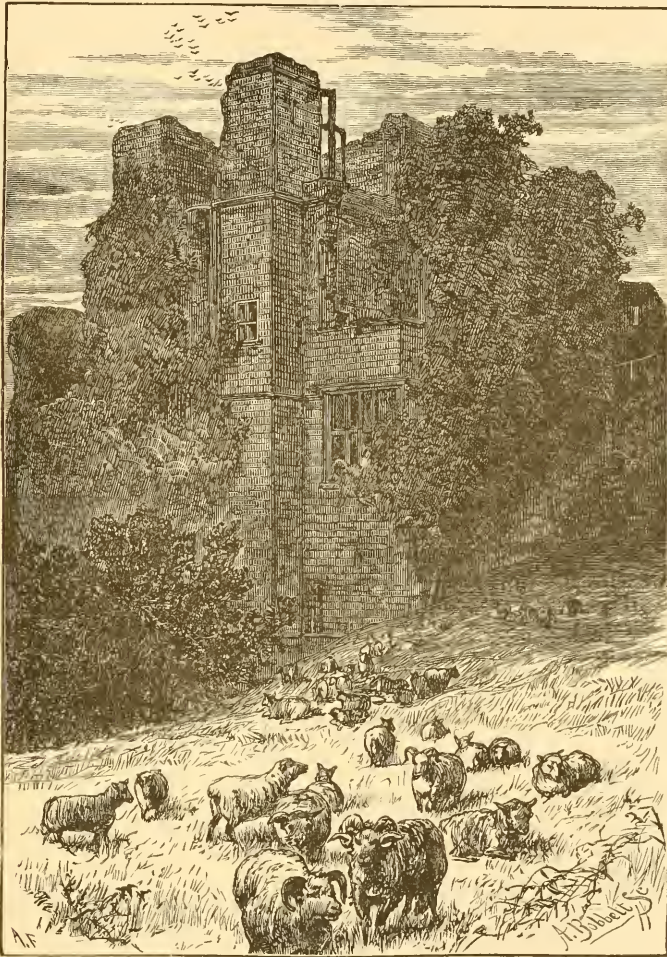
"But I don't go so far back," objected Mr. John Bodley. "I only go back say to our great-grandfathers. They did not go sight seeing as we do. I don't believe ten of them made up a party and visited Guy's Cliff."

"We 're none of us great-grandfathers," said John Bodley.

"Nor were they at the time," laughed his father. "But come, what makes the difference?"

"I 'll tell you, Mr. Bodley," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "Depend upon it, it 's because the world has grown more democratic."

“You’re more than half right, Phippy,” said Cousin Ned.
“There’s no doubt that the last three generations have seen a won-



Kenilworth Castle.

derful increase of interest in men because they are men and not because they belong to our particular class. The fact is, the world is

getting acquainted with itself, and it does not require a special introduction as much as it once did. Do you know what interests me most in England, Mr. Bodley?"

"No."

"It is such a sight as I saw once, when I saw your Dean Stanley walking through Westminster Abbey with a company of workmen on a Saturday afternoon, and showing them the monuments of great Englishmen."

"Yes, that was fine," said Mr. Bodley. "It speaks well for the Dean, and it speaks well for the workmen."

They came back to the road and followed it to Kenilworth. It was a delightful walk, noble trees shaded the road, and a footpath, broad and well kept, ran by its side. They passed through the village of Leek Wootton, which seemed to be famous for nothing.

"Now this," said Professor Adams, "comes nearer to my idea of what an English hamlet should be. These houses are much like those at Shottery, but they are cheerful and picturesque instead of having a forlorn and draggled look."

"There is no railroad very near," said Mr. Bodley. "That has something to do with it."

They passed carriages with ladies and gentlemen holding guide-books, and bicycles, and country carts, and occasionally a tramp like themselves, with the difference that he carried his worldly possessions in a handkerchief, hung from a stick. Kenilworth village was a straggling one, but very pretty to a traveler's eye. They climbed a hill, though it took them somewhat away from the direct road, because Mr. John Bodley wished them to see the castle in the distance. There it lay before them, the ruined towers rising out of the green woods, and they stood long admiring it, and then followed a

little footpath which led across the fields. The path carried them through the gateway of the old abbey, and past an old chapel or other ecclesiastical building, now used for a stable. Some sheep were feeding under the gateway, and it seemed an appropriate way of visiting an old ruin to pass through another ruin to reach it.

They came into the road presently and followed it to the castle entrance. A big placard advised all travelers to supply themselves with guide-books and views within the gate. It furthermore informed our friends that the ruins were the property of the Earl of Clarendon, and that he charged threepence admission for the purpose of keeping the ruins in repair.

“I suppose that means,” said Mr. Nathan Bodley, “that if the ruins show any sign of becoming habitable, or putting out new roofs, then the Earl uses our threepence to keep them ragged.”

The gate-house had been turned into lodgings for the use of the keeper of the ruins, but once within the inclosure, our friends found themselves delightfully unmolested, and could ramble about the grounds and climb about the castle to their hearts' content.

“Now, Mr. Bodley,” said Professor Adams, “it is your turn to be showman and give us the necessary information with which to take possession of these ruins.”

“I'm not much of an antiquarian,” said Mr. Bodley, “but I believe the first of it was built in Henry I.'s time, and Henry III. gave it to the Earl of Leicester. It came back to the crown once and again in times of rebellion, and Queen Elizabeth gave it to her favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and he built the most important parts.”

“Oh, I remember,” said Margaret Bodley. “I have read all about it in Scott's novel, where he tells of Queen Elizabeth's visit to the Earl.”

“ Yes,” said Sarah, “ and don’t you remember about poor Amy Robsart ? ”

“ But I don’t understand,” said Charles, “ why the castle should be such a heap of ruins. Queen Elizabeth did not reign so very long before the first Englishmen came to America, and we have buildings, wooden buildings too, almost as old as the colony.”

“ Well, Charles,” said Mr. Bodley, “ if you had had a revolution and a Cromwell, I think even your wooden buildings would have disappeared.”

“ Oh, did Cromwell capture Kenilworth ? ”

“ Not with an army. The castle had come into possession of the crown again ; they had a way of seizing on places, and when Cromwell came into power he bestowed it on certain of his officers who are said to have torn it down for the sake of the material, though I never knew exactly what they did with all the stones. Afterward Charles II. gave it away to the Earl of Rochester, and it passed by marriage from one to another till now it belongs to the Earl of Clarendon.”

“ Why is it ? ” asked Mrs. Bodley, “ that ruins of old castles are so much more interesting to us than well preserved castles ? ” They were sitting in a wide stone window-seat in a corridor off from the great banqueting hall, the walls of which were standing, though the roof was gone. A lovely landscape spread before them, and below in the grass were children at play, whose laughter sounded sweetly in the distance.

“ I suppose it is because we have a kind of sympathy with them,” said her husband. “ We imagine what once went on here ; we know there can be no grand banquets again, or processions of lords and ladies, and we feel as if the poor old castle had been deprived of some of its pleasures.”

“Then,” said Mr. Van Wyck, “I think something is due to the way the old building becomes a part of nature. The ivy climbs over the stones and covers them; the moss and the grass grow in the crannies, a soft green mantle is spread over the stone, and by and by it looks as if these towers grew out of the soil and these arches sprang as trees and shrubs spring. The whole becomes a part of the landscape, and it affects us as a grave affects us.”

“Nevertheless, give me a log-cabin with children playing about the door,” said Mrs. Van Wyck. “Ruins and nature go very well together, but human life and houses come closer to us.”

“Ah, Phippy,” said her husband, “but that is just what makes these ruins so interesting. It is because people have lived in them. Just think how we glorify some of our commonplace old houses in New York and Boston, or one of Washington’s sleeping-places. A great man slept in a house — the very least thing, one would think, that he could do for it — and straightway it becomes famous.”

“It strikes me,” said Mr. John Bodley, “that we are accumulating historic memorials and preserving them to such an extent that after awhile the world will be a vast museum.”

“A few revolutions will knock the museums to pieces, Mr. Bodley,” said Cousin Ned.

“And give us new ones?” he retorted.

They climbed the stone staircases and mounted as high as they could go. They tried to reconstruct in their imagination the various parts of the castle and grounds, and then, after eating a lunch which they had brought with them, they took up their march for Coventry. It was about as far from Kenilworth to Coventry as it had been from Warwick to Kenilworth. The road, if anything, was more lovely. It passed through a rich and highly cultivated country, and

the over-arching trees shaded it so finely that it was like walking all the way through a park.

Coventry itself was scarcely more to them than the end of their walk. To be sure they strolled through the streets, and visited St. Michael's Church and St. Mary's Hall. The church is the largest or one of the largest parish churches in England. There was nothing to break the noble length and breadth of the interior, and the sunshine, streaming through the windows in the clere-story beneath the roof, carried the colors of those windows down into the great, beautiful church, bathing all in a fine and varied light. The almost flat ceiling put up in the sixteenth century had its own lovely weather-stain color. In St. Mary's Hall, too, they saw an admirable example of an old, richly carved interior, with great windows, and a kitchen still used, where were spits eight feet long; but the old fireplace had been modernized.

They found also a silk-weaving establishment which they visited, for Coventry has always been famous for its ribbons. They saw the looms at work making Christmas markers and the like. It was a pretty sight to see the work, but they could not well praise the taste of the workmen. They tried to find some book-marks which they could buy, but there were none that were not ugly. The figures were not printed upon the silk but woven in it. If the designs had been good, one might have admired the process more. The handkerchiefs and ties and garters were prettier.

They walked back to the railway station where they were to find their luggage, for they had thought it possible, when they left Warwick, that they should sleep at Coventry, but it was still early and they determined to go on to Birmingham.

"We have been to Coventry," said Charles, "but we were not

sent there. I wonder why people talk of being sent to Coventry, as if into some kind of disgrace. Do you know, father?"

"No, but Cousin Ned probably does. Why was it, Ned?"

"I don't know. We must ask Mr. Bodley."

"Don't ask me," said Mr. John Bodley, and so they asked Mr. Van Wyck, but he was as ignorant as the rest.

"Was it not," asked Mrs. Nathan Bodley, timidly, "because Coventry was a stronghold of the Puritans in the civil war, and the Royalists outside used to send in country Puritan gentlemen, because they did not want them in their company? I think I have read something of the sort."

"Bravo, Blandina!" said her husband. "As we don't any of us know so much, we'll accept you cheerfully as a new historical authority for this party."

CHAPTER VI.

ROUNDHEAD AND CAVALIER.

THE Bodleys and their English kinsfolk had come to Birmingham, not so much to see the town as because it was a convenient stopping-place, for they all wished to visit Worcester, and there they would be obliged to separate, since their journeys lay thence in different directions.

"I always make out to go to the musical festival, and take John and Margaret when I can," said Mr. John Bodley the next morning, as they were all seated in the train on the way to Worcester, driving through fog and smoke.

“Is it held each year at Worcester?” asked Mrs. Bodley.

“No. It represents the three choirs of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford, and meets by turns in the cathedrals of those cities. The festival itself is about a hundred and forty years old. A few years ago there was a good deal of opposition to it, or rather to the holding of the festival in the cathedral, for some of the clergy especially objected that there was nothing distinctively religious about the music. Indeed, the Earl of Dudley gave a new pavement to the cathedral at Worcester, on condition that the cathedral should no longer be used for these monster concerts, but there was a great tow-row raised by the town, and I believe the difficulty was adjusted by separating the secular music and giving that in a hall, and connecting the music in the cathedral with religious services.”

“Is this the first day of the festival, papa?” asked Margaret.

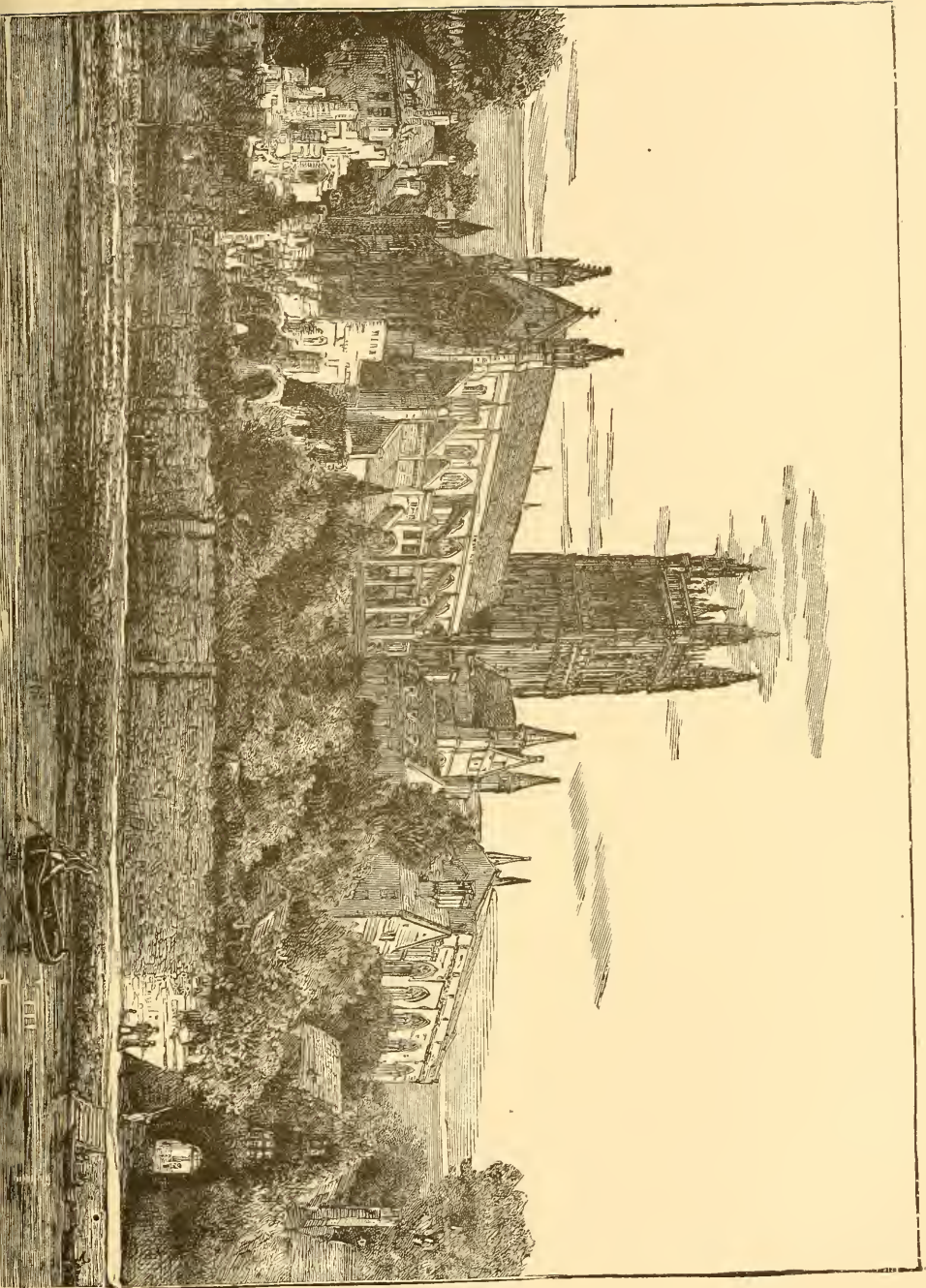
“No. It began Sunday last. They skipped Monday, began Tuesday, went on yesterday, and to-morrow they close with the “Messiah” in the morning and an evening service.”

“I should think that if the clergy feel so about the matter,” said Mr. Van Wyck, “they would object to having tickets sold for the performances in the cathedral.”

“There is a faint device for persuading themselves that these are not regular concerts; the expenses of the festival are defrayed by subscriptions for seats, which are technically contributions in aid of the widows and orphans of the clergy of the diocese.”

“‘A most ingenious paradox,’” quoted Mrs. Van Wyck.

It was only an hour’s journey from Birmingham to Worcester, and they found the town gay with flags and bunting in the streets, and all the ways thronged with people, carrying their music under their arms. The morning service was to begin at half after eleven, and



after making their contributions to the widows and orphans, and receiving in return little tickets entitling them to seats, they threaded the streets to the cathedral, and passed down under an archway to the banks of the Severn. There was a broad promenade by the river, but there were no seats where they might sit. So, after looking about they deposited themselves upon a brick platform at the back door of a house, whose garden reached down to the esplanade. A servant maid came out presently to sweep the bricks. She was a good-natured girl, and was rather concerned at the destitution of the party.

“I’m afraid you’ll take cold, ma’am, sitting on the bricks,” she said to Mrs. Bodley, who perhaps had a frail air, if any one in the robust party had, and the maid stepping into the garden, brought out presently a shingle, which she offered her.

“Thank you,” said Mrs. Bodley, as she tucked it under her; “perhaps it would be more prudent; but why are there no seats provided here?”

“It’s because of the floods, please,” said she. “The river rises above where you are sitting, indeed, quite to the hedge, sometimes, upon the top of the wall.”

There were steps leading down to the water, and boats plying up and down, while the opposite banks showed a pretty country.

“The Severn,” said Sarah, musingly. “What do I know about the Severn? I am sure there are some lines.”

“I know them,” said Margaret. “They are Wordsworth’s:—

“As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt bear
 Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
 Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
 Into main ocean, they, this deed accursed
 An emblem yields to friends and enemies,

How the bold Teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed.' "

"That is something like it," said Sarah, "but not exactly."

"Oh, it is quite correct, I am sure," said Margaret.

"Sarah is thinking of this," said her father: —

" 'The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,
Wide as the waters be.' "

"That is it," said Sarah.

"They both come from Fuller's Church History," said Mr. John Bodley. "I can't recall the exact words of the passage,¹ but Wordsworth simply turned the prose into verse, with scarcely a verbal change."

"So I suppose Wickliffe's ashes floated past where we are," said Charles. "Was the cathedral here then? It must have been very much ashamed."

"I am afraid," said his father, "that even in this highly Christianized age which celebrates Wickliffe in a semi-millennial, pure religion occasionally gets overlooked."

"Yes," said Mr. John Bodley, "much as I enjoy these musical festivals, I can't help wishing that there was more singing done by the very poor people of England. There's not much song in their lives."

¹ Mr. Bodley looked up the passage at home and found it to read thus: "Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas; they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine which now is dispersed all the world over." — Fuller's *Church History*, section ii., book 4., paragraph 53.



HOLY THURSDAY AT ST. PAUL'S.

“You have a touch of it in the singing of the Charity Children at St. Paul’s,” said Professor Adams.

“Ah, yes, that’s a beautiful thing. Did you ever go to one of those festivals?”

“Once, and I thought it heavenly.”

“So it is, so it is, but I’m a bit of a radical myself, and I can’t quite make out heaven as populated by the poor only in aprons and caps.”

“What does he mean?” whispered Sarah to Cousin Ned, who laughed.

“You have mystified my little cousin,” said he. “She does not know that this festival at St. Paul’s is one in which the children from various charity schools in London, all in their neat uniforms, gather once a year at St. Paul’s Cathedral, when they sing the service, a sermon is preached, and a collection is taken up.”

“Oh, I remember!” exclaimed Sarah. “Is not that the festival in Blake’s poem of Holy Thursday?”

“To be sure. Do let us hear it, Sarah; perhaps Margaret and John here do not know the poem.”

So Sarah gladly repeated William Blake’s poem of

HOLY THURSDAY.

’T was on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
Came children, walking two and two, in red, and blue, and green:
Gray-headed beadles walked before, with wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul’s, they like Thames’ waters flow.

Oh, what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London town,
Seated in companies they were, with radiance all their own;
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among :
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor.
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

“That,” said Cousin Ned, “is a poet’s rendering of a London festival, but I do not think one needs to be a poet to perceive the beauty in that scene in St. Paul’s. I can never forget that Amen which swelled from those thousands of little throats at the end of each Collect. The prayer was lost to me. I could not hear it. There was perfect stillness, only broken at these intervals by the two musical notes of Amen. Then I remember that fluttering of countless white aprons as the little girls buried their faces in them at prayer.

“ ‘ Thousands of little boys and girls raising their innocent hands.’

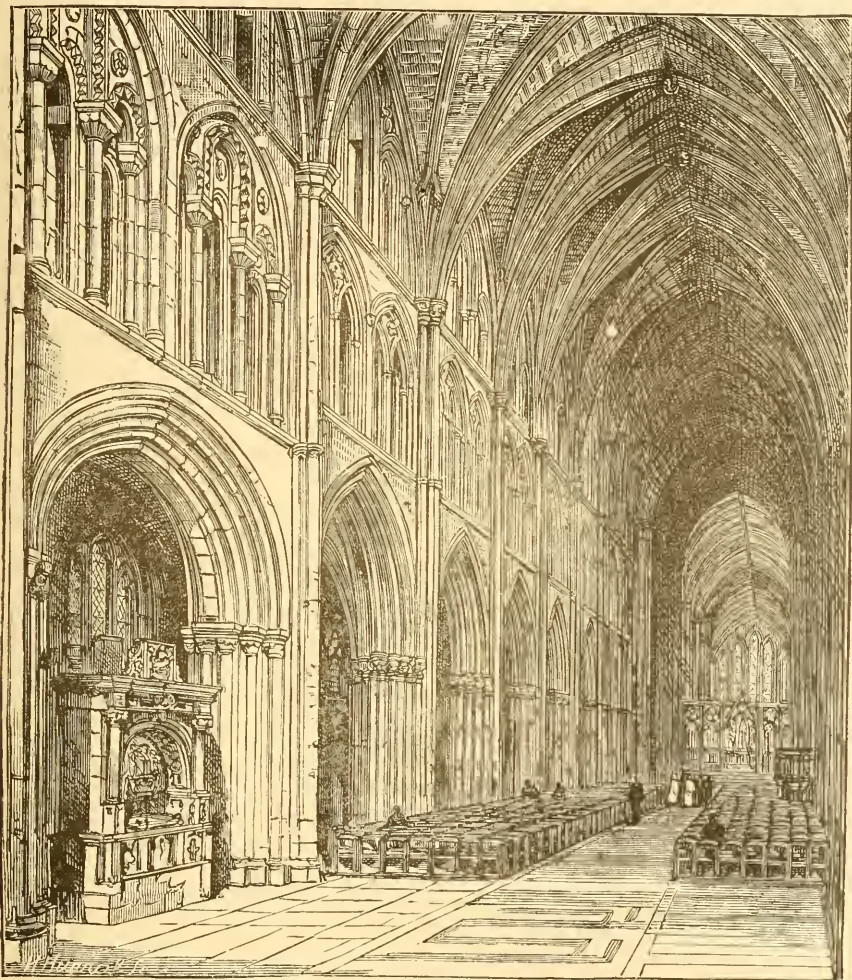
It is quite worth while to change all one’s plans of foreign travel in order to take in this one festival.”

The sound of the cathedral bells warned them that it was time to make their way to their seats, so they passed through the archway again, and entered the door which was marked for those who were to find seats with our friends in the north aisle. There were one or two Collects, the Lord’s Prayer, and Versicles, and then the music began. Next to Mr. Nathan Bodley sat an old gentleman who was overflowing with enthusiasm, and was perpetually whispering in a loud whisper to his neighbor, “I’ve heard ’em all,” he said hoarsely to Mr. Bodley, from “Malibran down. Titiens was the great one! Did you ever hear her?”

“No,” whispered Mr. Bodley.

“Ah! you should have heard her shake in ‘La Traviata!’” and the old gentleman shook his head in mysterious sympathy. The

music was a mass of Cherubini's, and when it was over there was a recess of an hour. Our friends used part of the time to look about



The Nave, Worcester Cathedral.

the cathedral. For a number of years restoration had been going on, and was now complete, so that the entire effect was almost that

of a new cathedral. Even King John, lying in state in the centre of the choir, the oldest regal monument in England, had been gilded from head to foot.

“I like the old, crumbly buildings best,” said Mr. Nathan Bodley.

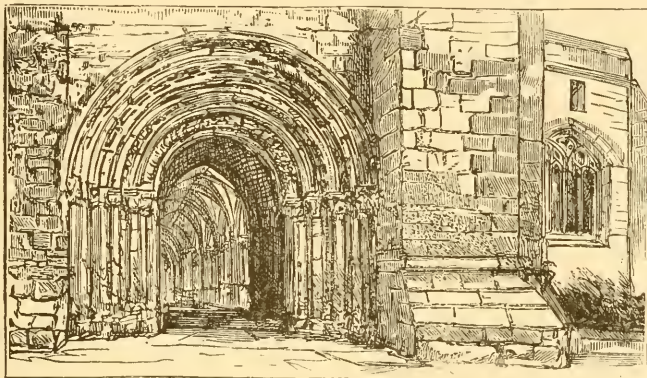
“Do you?” said his cousin. “For my part, I like this. The restoration may not be always in exact keeping with the original, but I like the idea of each generation doing its part toward making the cathedral last. Possibly a hundred years from now people will sigh and say ‘Just look at the middle of the nineteenth century! that was the age of the revival of faith. Witness Worcester Cathedral.’”

“Very good,” said Mr. John Bodley, “so far as it goes. I, too, think that cathedrals should be used and not be mere museums of curiosities.”

They went out into the streets and found a bake-shop where they took a simple lunch, and then came back for the afternoon part of the festival. Mendelssohn’s “Hymn of Praise” was rendered, and that was more familiar to the older members of the party, so it was especially delightful to hear. They left the aisle and stole gently into some unoccupied seats in the choir, whence they could look westward to where the chorus and musicians were. The singing was lovely, and it came from such a distance and traveled down such a noble aisle that when it reached the ears of the Bodleys it seemed a part of the cathedral itself; as if those grave pillars and light arches had burst into sweet harmonies.

A Collect and Benediction followed the music, and they left the cathedral, passing through the cloisters, and so out into the open streets, which were thronged with people who had been enjoying the festival, many of whom were to stay that evening also and hear

Barnett's Cantata of Longfellow's "Building of the Ship." What a pity it was that our friends could not join in the applause which would follow the rendering of a piece by their favorite poet! It would have seemed to them like a true American invasion of England. They had, however, another errand in the hour that remained to them. Worcester was one of the notable places for an American to see, for here, in 1651, was fought Cromwell's last battle with King Charles II., and the victory which he then gained established his power in England.



Cloisters, Worcester Cathedral.

"It is almost an anniversary," said Professor Adams, "for it was two hundred and thirty years ago, within a few days, that the battle of Worcester was fought. Charles and his tired and cross soldiers entered the city on the 22d of August, and less than a week afterward Cromwell had drawn up his forces before the city."

"Do you suppose the city looked as it does now, Cousin Ned?" asked Charles.

"No. The cathedral was here, and the general direction of the streets was the same, but most of these houses have been built since that day."

“How singular!” said Sarah. “I always think of an English town as older than any of our American towns, but here is Worcester, not so old, according to you, as Boston, for Boston was founded in 1630, and the battle of Worcester was in 1651. You say there is not much here, besides the cathedral, older than that.”

“Old age in a town, Sarah, depends a good deal on our knowledge of it, and only partly on the monuments in it. If John or Margaret here were to go to Boston, I fancy it would not seem very old to them, even if they visited the North End; but if you are able to trace back the history, step by step, the founding of it seems a long while ago, even though you can find no marks of the earliest Boston.”

“This is an old building,” said Charles, as they came upon a quaint, mediæval building not far from the Sidbury Gate.

“This is the Commandery,” said his cousin, “where the king established himself when he entered the city. It is used now as a college for the blind sons of gentlemen.”

“It was the son of a blind gentleman who occupied it then,” said Mrs. Van Wyck.

“Why, Aunt Phippy,” said Charles, “was King Charles I. blind?”

“Very blind, Charles. He could not see beyond his royal person.”

“Oh!”

“Come,” said Cousin Ned, “we’ll climb Red Hill, where we shall see the town, and can tell better about the battle.” So they followed the old London road up the hill. The road, before leaving the town, rose somewhat abruptly up Green Hill, and then fell again to rise further on in Red Hill. They kept on to a fork in the road, where a guide-post pointed one by the right to Oxford and London

by way of Evesham, and by the left also to Evesham. There was a scrubby, half-heath looking place at the top of the hill.

“It was not far from here,” said Cousin Ned, as they stood facing the city, “on our right, that most of Cromwell’s forces were posted, while Charles was posted nearer the Sidbury Gate, and over there beyond the Severn on our extreme left. Cromwell’s object was to prevent the king from moving toward London, and so he had marched from Evesham and planted himself here right in the king’s path. The armies lay thus till the morning of the 3d of September, when Cromwell began sending his forces down the hill here on the left, to be ready to attack the king’s forces, of which the larger part was by Powick bridge, the other side of the Teme. Do you see the little Teme where it flows into the Severn over there?”

“Yes, I think I make it out.”

“Charles could see it, too, for he was in the tower of the cathedral, watching the movements of the two armies. He saw Cromwell’s men bridge the Teme, near where it joins the Severn, cross it, and so place themselves between the town and the royal army at Powick bridge. More and more men came down from Red Hill, where we stand, and steadily pushed the royal forces, which were retreating step by step upon the town. Charles suddenly determined to make an attack with his men upon the small force which



Oliver Cromwell.

was left here, and up the hill he came. The men stationed here had the advantage of position, and kept the king's forces at bay until Cromwell could hurry back from the river with reinforcements. Back he came and drove the attacking party down the hill toward Sidbury Gate, where was the king's fort, Fort Royal. It was now nightfall, and Cromwell ordered an assault upon the fort which was carried by storm. Then the victorious army went through the streets of the town, driving the king's men before them, killing and plundering. It must have been a terrible night."

"And what became of the poor king?" asked Sarah.

"He got away, but how no one seemed to know. They show the house where he was concealed, and I will point it out to you when we go back to the town." The house was in the Corn Market, an old timber house, with the date 1577, and the letters W. B. and R. D., with the inscription "Love God. Honor the King."

"How singular!" said John, as they stood looking up at it, "that the king should have found shelter under these words. I wonder what Cromwell thought when he read them. I suppose he thought if he obeyed the first part he might let the rest go."

"I doubt if he paid much attention to inscriptions on buildings that night, John," said his father. "He was too much absorbed in making his victory complete and final. He thought this the crowning victory of the war."

"Yet it was after all but the beginning of his most serious work," said Professor Adams. "Fighting is less difficult than governing a nation half of which does not want you to govern."

"But he was an Englishman," said Mr. John Bodley, "and we find it a great deal easier nowadays to accept Cromwell as a hero than we once did. We think less of the royal family and more of England, you know, and Cromwell, as I said, was an Englishman."

“He changed English history; there is no doubt about that,” said Mr. Nathan Bodley. “He did not change American history so much. We were out of the way of the civil war, and did our best to keep out of the mischief.”

“Yet the English Commonwealth and New England had much to do with each other,” said Cousin Ned. “It was the success with which Massachusetts managed her affairs without the help of a king, and without bishops, that made Englishmen think they could have the same government in England.”

“Well, the same thing is going on upon a larger scale now,” said Mr. John Bodley. “There are a good many people in England who watch the United States, and ask themselves why we should not be better off here with the same kind of government.”

“For all that,” said Mr. Van Wyck, “no great nation ever really copies another, and if England ever tires of kings and princes she will not deliberately try to make herself like the United States. A nation is made up of an infinite number of parts, all of which are growing all the time. England has been outgrowing feudalism in many ways, and such a conflict as that between Roundheads and Cavaliers is no longer possible. Parliament has the power now, and the king will never again be found fighting it.”

“No,” said Mr. John Bodley. “The parties will be otherwise, and they will be within Parliament. But come, what a set of prophets we are getting to be. If we don’t take care, we shall be as bad as the astronomer who did n’t see the ditch. My train must be nearly due.”

They had been slowly sauntering in the direction of the station, and now hastened to it. Mr. Bodley and his two children were going south, on their way home to Salisbury, and thus the time

of parting had come, for the rest were going north on farther pilgrimages.

“But we shall see you soon,” said Mr. John Bodley. “Remember you are to give us a day or two of your precious time at Salisbury.”

“Never fear,” said Mr. Nathan Bodley. “We shall not go out of England without seeing the home of the English Bodley family.”

So, with much handshaking, and waving of handkerchiefs, the English Bodleys went south, and shortly after the American Bodleys made their way north. They went back first to Birmingham to get a fresh start, and spent the night there. In the morning they took a walk out to the suburbs of the city to Aston House, and its little park. It was a bright sunshiny morning, and even the dull brick houses in the commonplace streets through which they passed seemed to catch a little of the sunshine, and to look less commonplace. Aston House stood just on the outskirts of the city, and the park was simply the grounds about the house, some forty acres or more, which with the house had been bought by the Birmingham people twenty years before for a park and a museum.

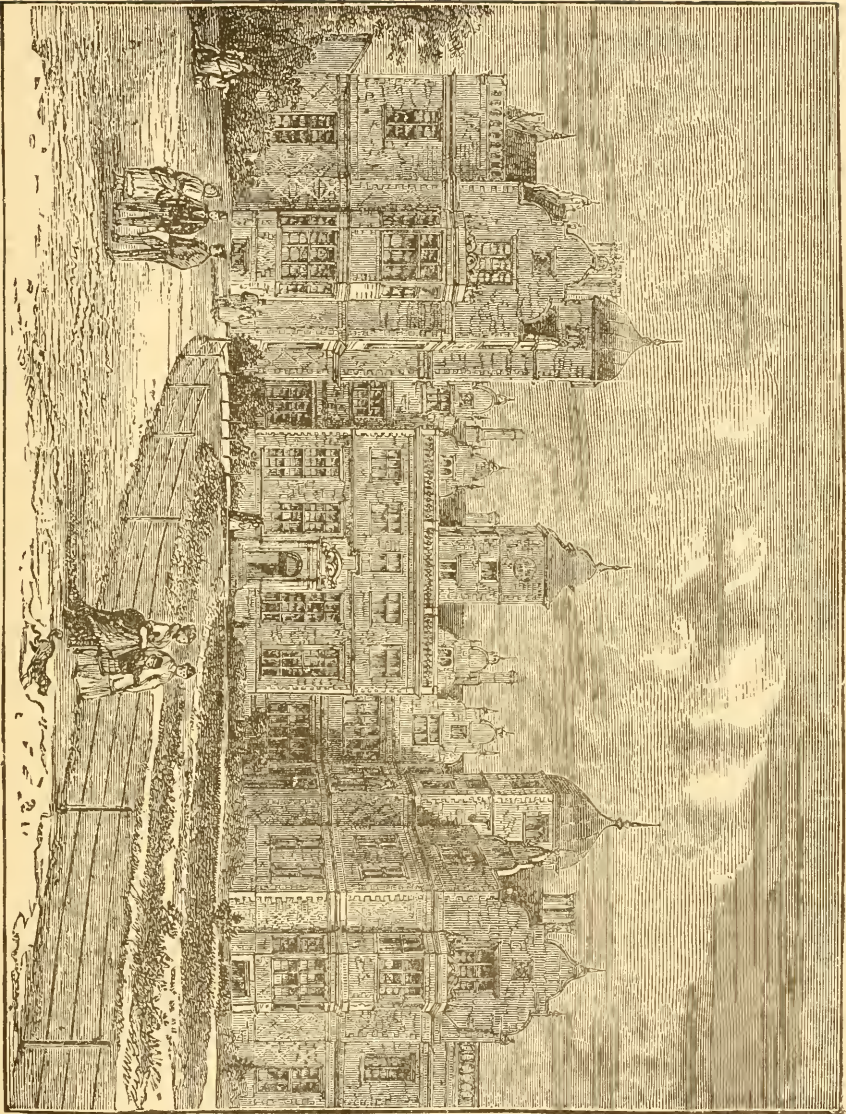
“You have not told us what we came out here for, Ned,” said Mrs. Van Wyck; “it could not have been to make us read these cautionary placards, for we have brought no sandwiches with us.”

“What placards?” asked Sarah.

“Don’t you see, child, what the mayor of Birmingham begs you to do? He wants you not to leave your sandwich papers here, but to put them back into your lunch-baskets and carry them home again.”

“Most excellent advice, Phippy,” said her cousin, “and I don’t think it is at all beneath a mayor’s dignity to remind people of a little thing like that.”

“Nor of a poet’s,” said Mr. Bodley. “You see the advice is from



ASTON HOUSE.

a speech by William Morris. But come, Ned, what is Aston House, and why should it be preserved?"

"Let us read the inscription over the doorway," said Cousin Ned. The house was built on three sides of a hollow square, the main entrance being in the middle, and over the doorway was the inscription, cut in stone:—

"Sir Thomas Holte of Huddersdon in the Countie of Warwick, knight and baronet began to build this house in Aprill in Anno Domini 1618 in the 16th yeare of the raigne of King James of England &c. and of Scotland the one and fiftieth, and the said Sir Thomas Holte came to dwell in this house in May in Anno Domini 1631 in the seaventh yeare of the raigne of our soveraigne lord King Charles and he did finish this house in Aprill, Anno Domini 1635 in the eleventh yeare of the raigne of the said King Charles.

"*Laus Deo.*"

"That is sufficiently explicit. The baronet was evidently a very precise and punctilious gentleman," said Mr. Van Wyck, "and I suspect he was a very loyal subject of his sovereigns."

"Just so," said Cousin Ned. "Sir Thomas Holt was a Cavalier and staunch Royalist. Charles I. was entertained here in 1642, and we shall see his bedroom, if you care anything about it, when we go in. What interests me about the place is that it gives us a chance to see a private house which was attacked by the town's people, aided by Cromwell's troops, because the owner was a Royalist. The cannon shattered a part of the staircase, and other damage was done, but the house was surrendered before it was destroyed, and Sir Thomas paid a heavy fine to get clear."

"What a vindictive fellow you are, Ned," said Mr. Nathan Bodley. "You seem to delight in these battles and house-burnings."

“Oh, not at all,” said Cousin Ned, “but I think these little things help us to imagine the war better.”

“There are plenty of them at home,” said Mr. Van Wyck.

“Yes, and yet how little our northern people know about it. But in England in the civil war it was neighbors who fought, and that always seems to me to add to the terrors of war.”

They went within and saw the shattered staircase, and King Charles’s chamber, and the great reception hall, and the long gallery. Over the chimney-piece in the hall was a tablet with these verses : —

“If service be thy meane to thrive
Thou must therein remain
Both silent, faithful, just and true,
Content to take some paine.

“If love of virtue may allure,
Or hope of worldly gaine
If fear of God may thee procure
To serve doe not disdaine.”

“Well, I suppose Sir Thomas took that to himself, when he served his sovereign faithfully,” said Mrs. Bodley.

“Yes,” said her husband, “he evidently meant it for everybody, for he put it here where all could see it when they came in, and not in the servants’ hall.”

“What a pity,” said Sarah, “that some of these fine old Cavaliers did not come over to America. The Puritans were all very well, but I think one or two people like Sir Thomas Holt would have done no harm.”

“Why, Sarah,” said Charles, “they did come! Don’t you know that a good many came to Virginia and settled there?”

“Did they, Cousin Ned?”

“To be sure, and especially when Cromwell and the Puritan party got the upper hand, many of the king’s party went to Virginia. Indeed at one time there were so many there that they were ready to raise the standard of King Charles II. even before his friends in England.”

“It’s a pity,” said Mr. Van Wyck, “that New England has had so many more historians than Virginia. The two countries ought to have their histories told to our children, so that each should get its fair share. The mother of presidents was the daughter of kings.”

“Never mind,” said his wife, stoutly; “New England is the nurse of men, and she is the daughter of ideas.”

“Bravo, Phippy!” said her brother Nathan. “Keep your flag flying.”

CHAPTER VII.

A PILGRIMAGE.

THE little excursion to Aston House used the morning only, and after lunch our friends left the Queen’s Hotel, which was under the same roof as the railway station, and took a train to the north.

“I wish we could stop at Lichfield on our way to Bawtry,” said Mr. Van Wyck. “I am very willing to make a pilgrimage to the cradle of the Pilgrims, but I should not mind paying my respects to Sam Johnson on the way, for he is a sort of half-way house to the Pilgrim Fathers.”

“Dr. Johnson was a stout Tory, Philip,” said Mr. Nathan Bodley.

“I don’t think he would relish being named with the Pilgrim Fathers.”

“For all that he had a good deal of the stuff out of which they were made. Don’t you think that a man who would do penance for the sins of his youth when he was old and famous must have had a pretty good conscience?”

“I have forgotten the story.”

“Then I’ll tell it, for I believe our train goes through Lichfield and not far from Uttoxeter. When Dr. Johnson was a boy and living with his parents in Lichfield, his father was an old man who had been a pretty successful bookseller, but in his old age was rather poor. Instead of keeping a comfortable bookshop, he was forced to peddle his books, and he was in the habit of going to the neighboring market-place of Uttoxeter on market-day, and setting up a bookstall there. One day he asked his son Sam to go for him. The old gentleman was feeble and half ill, and it was a good deal for him to stand in sun or rain all day in the market-place selling a few books. Sam was a big, clumsy fellow, who, so far as flesh and bones went, might easily take his father’s place, and being a youth of much reading and knowledge of accounts, he could well undertake to sell the books. But, with all that, he was a boy of pride and sensitiveness. He could bear to have his father stand there and sell books, but he could not bear to go himself. He thought very likely that people would laugh at him, for he was an ungainly looking fellow, with his face twitching and his head rolling after a curious fashion, and besides that, he meant to be a scholar, and I suppose he thought it beneath a scholar to sell books in the street.

“At any rate Sam Johnson refused to go, and his old father went instead. I never heard that the old gentleman reproved him or

DR. JOHNSON'S PENNANCE.



chided him for it afterward, but that would have been quite unnecessary, for the boy's conscience punished him much more severely. For years he remembered his undutiful conduct. He never thought of his father, I warrant, without remembering how he had let him go to Uttoxeter market-place and sell books, instead of going himself; and so, when he was grown famous as a scholar and author, he made a pilgrimage to Uttoxeter, and stood for an hour or so in the market-place, with his hat in his hand, doing penance for the sins of his youth. The sun shone on his wig, and the rain came down, but he stood stock-still and bore it all, for he hoped the sun would burn out his sin, and the rain wash it away. The market men and women, and the small boys stood and looked at him, and pointed their fingers and laughed, but Dr. Johnson did not mind them. The more they did it, the sweeter was the sound, for they were paying him back for his undutiful behavior when he let his father stand thus in the sun and rain years before."

"Well, Philip," said his sister, "I am very glad you have told us the story, for now I know the meaning of a picture which we saw at the Academy in London, by Adrian Stokes, called 'Dr. Johnson's Penance.'"

"Yes, the English painters like to take subjects from their literary history."

It was evening before they reached the little town of Bawtry, after making one or two changes of trains. They went to the Crown Inn, but it was too dark to see much of the place. They knew only that they had come to a little market-town of no commercial importance, and midway between two little villages of less importance still to modern England, but bearing names which are often met with in American history, Scrooby and Austerfield.

The next morning they gathered their little company and made a pilgrimage to Austerfield. The path which took them was a foot-path of the most genuinely rustic character, for after crossing the railway track they entered by a stile upon a field: part of the way they had hawthorn hedges on either hand, and there were little gates and stiles; and finally, when they issued upon Austerfield itself, they found a cunning English hamlet with little houses and big ricks. A narrow lane wound through the hamlet; it passed a Primitive Methodist chapel, and the White Hart Inn, which looked hardly large enough to hold the innkeeper; finally the road brought them to the venerable parish church. The churchyard gate was



Austerfield Church

locked, and Mr. Bodley went to the nearest cottage for the key. He knocked and knocked, till a voice across the road called out that no one was at home. On going over to consult the voice, he found that the key was kept by the parish clerk, who lived at the other end of the village.

They all turned back as bidden, and found the clerk, finally, at his shoemaker's bench with lapstone in his lap, pounding upon a shoe. He was a placid old fellow, and got up at once to put on his coat and fetch the key.

"Do you suppose he has any idea," asked Mrs. Bodley, "why we have come to see his little church?"

"You're Americans, I suppose," said the old man quickly, "come to see the church where Bradford was baptized?"

"Then there have been some before us," said Mr. Bodley.

“ Oh, a-many, sir. Many Americans come here and some English ; they come to see where the Pilgrim Fathers came from. There’s a good many Bradfords have been here.”

“ Are there any Bradfords left in Austerfield ? ” asked Professor Adams.

“ No, sir. The name ’s not been known here since William Bradford’s day.”

“ And is there anything left of Bradford’s house ? ”

“ We can see it, sir, by walking a bit just beyond the church. It’s been altered a good deal. There is n’t much left of the old house, I believe.”

“ It is the church, after all,” said Mr. Van Wyck, “ that plays the part of a shrine in these historical memorials. Houses go to ruin or are pulled down, but the church abides, sometimes restored, it is true, but often the most satisfactory peg on which to hang your memories. How old is the church, clerk ? ”

“ It’s over eight hundred years old, sir,” said he, with pride. “ You’ll admire that piece of Norman work over the porch,” and he held them back to get a view of it. Then he turned the key in the lock and let them into the building. It was a quaint little church, with some interesting Norman work about the arches and capitals of the pillars. The chancel was held up by buttresses. The church was a chapel of ease to Bawtry, and the living was in the gift of Trinity College, Cambridge, which was obliged to keep the chancel in repair. The roof had once been open, but it made the church so cold that a plaster ceiling had been put in. The thick walls were covered with whitewash. The old font, a rough stone bowl, had been removed for some reason, and lay now on the floor of the church.

"I suppose William Bradford was christened in that font," said Mr. Bodley. "I'd like very well to have it myself. You don't seem to have any use for it here."

"Well, sir, there was a Mr. Bradford here from America, who tried to buy it, but they would n't sell it. And he offered to give a new and fine silver communion service for the one now in use, but they would n't do that either. If you'll come up into the loft, sir, I think the best view of the church is up there." Poor old fellow! as if there could be much choice in this excessively humble building! It did not take long to see all that was in the church, and there seemed to be no very ancient stones in the little church-yard without. Among the stones was one to a Priscilla.

"Perhaps this Priscilla got her name from the same person as Priscilla Mullins," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

"The name was undoubtedly given from the Priscilla of the New Testament," said her husband. "Just as the Roman Catholics go to the saints, the Puritans went to the Bible."

"This village must have grown since William Bradford's time," said Professor Adams to the old clerk.

"I can count fifty houses built here in my time," he replied.

"Why, I should hardly think there were so many in the whole village. It's not a very rich soil hereabout?"

"It's a light, sandy soil, sir."

"Well, the Pilgrims did not make an ill exchange. Cape Cod is a more varied land than this. Where are the records, by the way, of Austerfield church?"

"The Vicar at Bawtry has them, sir. He'll show them to you."

"And is Scrooby church as old as this?"

"It's not as old, sir. It's been much improved, I hear, sir, but I've not seen it since I was a boy."

“Just think of that, Sarah,” said Charles. “Why, Scrooby is only a mile or so from here. What a stay-at-home man!”

They bade the old clerk good-by at his cottage door and retraced their way across the fields to Bawtry. The party of seven hardly liked to inflict themselves upon the vicar, and so, while the rest strolled by the way, Professor Adams went alone and introduced himself.

“I think he must have been in the midst of a sermon,” he said, when he came out, “for he was some little time coming to me, and very cordial when he bade me good-by. What a nuisance he must find these Americans who pester him about the records!”

“Did he show them to you?” asked Charles.

“Yes. They were on parchment, and I saw the page containing the register of Bradford’s baptism; that and all others written in the same hand, a very beautiful one, the work, I suppose, of the vicar of that day. ‘We do not write as well as that now,’ said my vicar. ‘Partly the fault of our pens,’ I suggested. ‘Very true,’ said he, ‘and I wish you Americans, who are so ingenious at inventing, would invent a decent pen for us.’ I told him of Dr. Holmes’s gold pen, which he had used for twenty years or so, and I showed him my stylographic pen.”

“That will never improve penmanship,” said Mr. Bodley.

“No,” said Mr. Van Wyck, “and I don’t believe pens have most to do with it. A good deal is due to leisure, which penmen now do not use, but more to the fact that penmanship, before printing was invented, was a fine art, like painting, and the traditions of the art had not died out when Bradford’s name was written.”

They walked slowly down the broad road which led to Scrooby, about a mile to the south of Bawtry. There was a cluster of houses

there more considerable than that at Austerfield, with a larger church. There had been time here also for the houses to disappear which stood when Bradford and his friends were alive, and for a new town to arise, which already looked ancient.

“The old manor-house, I suppose, is what we want to see,” said Mr. Bodley.

“Was that where the Pilgrims used to meet?” asked Charles.



Scrooby.

“Yes, before they were pilgrims. The manor-house belonged to the Archbishop of York, and was occupied by William Brewster, who was the chief man of the village. He was the postmaster, — that is, he was master of a royal post, — which meant then something more than a person to receive and sort letters. Scrooby was a post town on the great road from London to Scotland. When traveling was so difficult as it was then, the stopping-places on the great thoroughfares were places of consequence. At Scrooby travelers might stop overnight, and kings and queens had rested here at the manor-

house. So William Brewster, living at the manor-house, was a man of consequence. Once a week, however, he opened the doors of his house to his neighbors, who came there to hold a religious meeting and read the Bible and pray. I suppose Bradford often came down from Austerfield to see Brewster and attend these meetings."

"Here is the post-office, now," said Cousin Ned, "and a much more humble place than it was in King Charles's time."

"Let us ask here for the manor-house," said Mr. Bodley.

"I am afraid it has disappeared," said his cousin. "I think I remember having heard so." Yes. The postmistress showed them in a field near by a clump of willows near which had been the foundations. Some gentlemen, she said, came with iron rods and felt about for it. The stables remained, but they had been turned into a farm-house.

"So it is," said Cousin Ned, with a sigh. "To such shadows do all our historical memorials seem reduced! To go into a farm-house and remember that it is made out of the stable attached to the manor-house, where Brewster and his friends met — that is getting a good way from history."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Van Wyck, "that the people of Scrooby must have been pretty intelligent, if they came together in those days for such a purpose. I suppose they were farmers chiefly."

"Yes, and their life was not more luxurious here than it afterward was in New England. Indeed, I suppose that after the first struggle in a new land, they were better off than their neighbors were at home."

"But what I was thinking of," continued Mr. Van Wyck, "was that there must have been some special education for these plain

people, if they could reach such a degree of spiritual liberty as the Pilgrims showed, and such quiet independence. The great and the wise of England were not with them."

"I have often thought of that," said Cousin Ned, "and I don't think the answer is a simple one. But we ought to remember that the Reformation doctrine had been at work in England for a hundred years, and besides that, Brewster and others like him, who were the leaders, were educated men. They were trained at the Universities, and they were often the sons of farmers. Then the farmers themselves had often held their farms, father and son, for many generations, and were the backbone of England."

"I suppose I ought to know," said Sarah, "but was it from here that the Pilgrims went to Holland?"

"Yes, my dear cousin," said Charles, "they left this comfortable, fertile country for the flat and peaceful Holland."

"Oh, I know all that," said she, "but was it from Scrooby and Austerfield that the Pilgrim Fathers went, and were they all from these little villages?"

"All the east of England," said Cousin Ned, "south of the Humber, was more or less in sympathy with the Puritan party, and it was from this part of the country that most of the Englishmen came who had from time to time gone to Holland to get more religious freedom. There were at least two settlements of them in Holland, when a company from Scrooby and its neighborhood, after being persecuted in many ways by the church and king, managed to sell their property and escape to Holland. Brewster and Bradford were prominent among them then, and were leaders when they afterward came to Plymouth. Thus it was that Scrooby and Austerfield have come to be looked upon as the starting-point of the Pilgrim Fathers."

“What a long road they have traveled since!” exclaimed Mr. Bodley.

“Yes, for though the little colony in Plymouth really had less to do directly with the establishment of New England than the more considerable emigration ten years later of Winthrop and his associates, people have always insisted upon regarding the Pilgrims as heroes; they have honored them and their acts, and have dated a great deal of our history from them. I suppose it is because the *idea* in the Plymouth Colony was simpler and higher, and appeals more directly to one’s enthusiasm. Indeed, we are just beginning to notice how in reality the Pilgrim conception of religious freedom and of faith was purer and nobler than the Puritan. Then their history was a brief one and is easily grasped. It comes to us like a picture, while the history of the Massachusetts Bay Colony is a great deal more complex.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Van Wyck, “I do not see that our historical researches in Austerfield and Scrooby have produced anything new, but I confess it does make it more real to me to have been here where the Pilgrim Fathers were once babies.”

CHAPTER VIII.

A GROUP OF WORTHIES.

OUR party took a most roundabout route back to London. It was Saturday, the tenth of September, when they left Bawtry, and they resolved to spend Sunday in a cathedral town. Lincoln was

the most convenient one for their purposes, and so they went thither and put up at the Spread Eagle.

“We must be Americans or nothing,” said Charles, “but I must say that the English spread eagle is a modest sort of bird, judging by the inn which it patronizes.”

The inn stood at the foot of a hill, and up the steep hill they climbed more than once on that day and the next, for the cathedral was at the top of the hill, and there also were other interesting antiquities, the ruined castle and archways. The cathedral made them think of a great fortress. It was founded on a rocky cliff, and looked off upon a wide expanse of fen and meadow.

“There is as much individuality about cathedrals as about men,” said Mr. Van Wyck, “and, as with men, a good deal depends on the surroundings. This cathedral looks as if it were in command of the country.”

“What a centre it must be,” said Mr. Bodley. “I had a seat in one of the stalls at evening prayer yesterday. Did you notice how each of the stalls had over it the name of one of the parishes of this diocese? Over mine was ‘Carlton cum Thurlby.’ They are two small parishes in Lincolnshire, and I suppose they hold the stall jointly, though brother Carlton and brother Thurlby could not possibly sit there together; they must take turns.”

“The best way to see a cathedral is to use it,” said Mr. Van Wyck. “Then one gets out of the way of thinking of it as a work of art or a museum.”

“Yes,” said his sister, “it is when we make things common that we get the most out of them. If we only said the Lord’s Prayer once a year, it would not gain by its novelty, and I think it is very much so with this cathedral service. When I first heard it, I was

struck with its beauty, and I regarded it very much as I would a lovely oratorio ; but now that it has become familiar, I find myself going along with it, instead of standing outside in admiration."

"But what if you went through it every day, Blandina, as these men and boys do," said Cousin Ned. "Don't you suppose it would become mere formalism?"

"Why, it seems to me that it is like the cathedral itself. Here it is. It was built by men in an age when worship found this means of expression. There were meaner thoughts that went to the building, as there are meaner thoughts which mingle with the daily prayers, but we have no reason for rejecting the better use because of the alloy. We don't have to invent a new cathedral every time we want to worship. We go to the old one and use it, and find it just what we want. Of course one may pass this building or go through it every day and be thinking of something else, but he can also form a habit of visiting it every day with his best thoughts. One may form a habit of daily worship, as another may fall into a careless form. It depends upon the person, and the form is not to be blamed."

At all events our party acted upon this plan, and whenever they had the opportunity, they used the cathedrals they visited and knew them better for such use. Indeed, they had almost too much cathedral on Monday, for after making an early visit to the one at Lincoln, they took the train to Peterborough, where they had two hours or more, and then to Ely, and, after supper, to Cambridge for the night. They were struck by the individuality of the three cathedrals. If Lincoln was a king, Peterborough was a queen. The charm which at once arises from it is in the lovely setting which it has. It is like a great country church in its churchyard, while outside the church-

yard the living have built their houses and laid out their gardens, so that one winds about the walls through the most tempting little lanes, beneath old arches, and the cathedral throws a quiet peace over all. There was nothing awful about this pile, but a sweet serenity which made it, as Mrs. Bodley said, the best cathedral to live by which they had yet seen.

With Ely, it is the great length of the cathedral which is impressive both within and without. It is said to be the longest cathedral in Europe, and the length seems to narrow and heighten the nave. Our party walked slowly back and forth several times, and always with an increased admiration for the severely beautiful lines of the nave. It seemed to stretch on and on, the pillars like the stems of trees in some woodland walk, and the purity of the arches was in agreement with the simplicity and singleness of effect. There was also a marvelous Gothic dome under the central tower, framed upon octagonal walls, and this octagonal base between the nave and the choir gave opportunity for very beautiful effects as one stood at the corner and looked across, with a glimpse of the apparently endless nave.

They spent the night only at Cambridge, and the next day moved to Bedford, which they made their headquarters for a day or two, while they visited two or three places in the neighborhood which had an interest for them. They went first to Olney, the home of the poet Cowper.

“What a picture this is,” said Mr. Van Wyck, “of a dull, prosaic, eighteenth-century English village!”

And so it was. There was a broad village street, unusually broad, with an exceedingly graceful curve, lined on either side by houses of the greatest irregularity of roof, though there were no sharp con-

trasts of prosperity and adversity. All were on the level that is just above poverty, and a sombre hue prevailed. A market-place was at the end of the village, and they caught sight of a sign pointing down a little lane to the poet Cowper's Summer-house.

"That is where we want to go," said Cousin Ned, "for it was, you remember, Cowper's favorite resort, and stood between his house and Newton's."

They ducked under a clothes-line on the way, and opening a gate into a kitchen garden, went toward a little wooden structure where were already two visitors, an Englishman and a Mexican, who were entertained by the owner of the summer-house, a wide-awake man, either a miller or a baker, from his dress and floury appearance. It was hardly possible for all the party to crowd in at once, when there were already three within, but every one was polite, and each made way for the other. The summer-house itself had gradually sunk into the soil, so that all but the children had to stoop to enter it. The plaster walls were covered with names of visitors. Macaulay's was there, the miller or baker said, but he had never been able to find it.

"The poet built this house himself, did he not?" asked Mr. Van Wyck.

"There's no doubt of it; but this table and chair were John Newton's. The house stood midway between the vicarage and the poet's house, as you can see."

"Did they climb over the wall to get at it?" asked Charles.

"If you look closely over there, my lad, you will see how the old wall to Cowper's garden, which was only a foot or two high, has been raised since to be five feet; and you can see, furthermore, the place where there was, in his day, a gate in the wall, as well as opposite there in the vicarage wall."

“I notice you say Cowper,” said Mrs. Bodley. “I thought Englishmen pronounced the name Cooper.”

“The poet and his family called it Cooper, ma’am. Lord Cooper, they say; but the people about Olney always say Cowper.”

“What a depressing spot!” said Mrs. Van Wyck. “Of all places for a poet, this is surely the meanest I ever saw.”

“It is probably worse now than it was then,” said her husband.

“No, sir,” said the owner of the summer-house; “there’s not much difference. There have been few changes in Olney. Have you been in his house?”

“No. Can we get through here?”

“You will have to go round, sir, to the market-place.”

Round they went, and came to the house, which had an arched passage leading through the centre of it, from the front to the back. It was a double house, as it had been in Cowper’s time. There was nothing whatever attractive about it, and the changes which had been introduced were of a cheap, commonplace character. Its rear was toward an ill-conditioned part of the town, and the paved court was closed in by the wall which they had seen from the summer-house. The master of the house, who was deaf, good-naturedly showed them all that was to be seen, but everything had undergone some little change.

“Where is the little opening in the wall through which Cowper’s pet hares used to come?” shouted Mrs. Van Wyck to the master of the house.

“Here,” said he, laying his hand on the wall; “it’s been papered over since.”

“Everything’s been papered over,” she murmured. “I do not wonder that a man of Cowper’s sensitive nature should have gone mad here.”

“Let us get away,” said Mrs. Bodley, “before we go mad too. For my part I would rather see Weston, where Cowper lived after leaving Olney. How far off is it?”

“How far is Weston?” shouted Mr. Bodley to the man.

“It’s a mile and a half. I’ll show you the road, but come up-stairs first. I want to show you Cowper’s bedroom. It’s where I sleep now;” and so up-stairs they went to gratify the man, who was very good-natured, and took an honest pride in the house. He had no sort of reason for supposing the chamber to have been Cowper’s except that it was the best in the house. They left the place behind them and walked



William Cowper.

out to Weston. The change thither from Olney was a cheerful one to them. What must it have been to poor Cowper! A pleasant hilly road led along the Ouse and over-looking it. Below them stretched field and meadow, with church spires rising from the foliage, a quiet English landscape, just such a one, Mrs. Bodley said, as

Birket Foster liked to draw. At the entrance of the village was a noble park of chestnuts known as the Wilderness, and memorialized by the poet. Here was a gateway but no gate, and they had quite the sense of being admitted to a gentleman's place. There were old thatch-roofed houses, and an inn with a battered sign-board inscribed Cowper's Oak, a dim picture of the Yardley Oak being decipherable.

The lodge which Cowper had lived in was occupied now by a farmer, who sent one of his maids to show it to our party. The chief interest in the house was in Cowper's room above stairs.

"How delightful!" said Mrs. Bodley. "Only see, it is used now for a nursery. I suppose the children know John Gilpin's Ride," she added, turning to the maid.

"Oh yes, ma'am, and his 'Lines on my Mother's Portrait.' Here are two lines that Cowper himself wrote," and she showed upon a window-shutter two lines in pencil which looked as if they had been traced more than once to preserve them.

"Farewell, dear scene, forever closed to me ;

Oh ! for what sorrows must I now exchange ye."

There were two dates written under the lines, July 22d and 28th. 1795.

"I remember," said Mr. Van Wyck, "Cowper left Weston to go to the sea for change of air, but never recovered. He was to go on the 22d, but for some reason he was detained till the 28th."

"Poor fellow," said his wife, "and the dear scene I suppose was this pretty quiet view over the garden. Well, I am glad we have this place to think of him in instead of that dreadful Olney."

They went back from Olney to Bedford, and they changed from Cowper to Bunyan.

“I wonder if we shall find much more of Bunyan than we did of Cowper,” said Mrs. Bodley.

“Not so much, I fancy,” said her husband, “for Bunyan lived longer ago, and he was a much more obscure man in his own day. I believe, indeed, that not only is the gaol gone in which he wrote his ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ but as there were two gaols here, antiquarians have not got over discussing in which one it was that Bunyan was clapped.”

They were walking in the town at the time, and came to a pretty green where stood a statue in bronze of the famous dreamer. Upon the stone pedestal were the words which well described the attitude of the figure: “It had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth was written upon his lips. . . . It stood as if it pleaded with men.”

“How admirable!” said Mrs. Van Wyck. “Blandina, do you remember whereabouts in ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’ those words are?”

“Yes. They describe the picture of a very grave person, which hung upon the wall of the House of the Interpreter.”

“I suppose Bunyan meant the very grave person,” said Mr. Van Wyck, “to be in general an apostle of righteousness, and I think the sculptor made a very happy choice when he took the description and applied it to Bunyan.”

“The children build monuments to the man whom their fathers put in gaol,” said Mr. Bodley.

“Well said, Nathan,” said his sister. “You will be making epigrams yet.”

“Not only so,” said Mr. Van Wyck, “but I am told that they are restoring the old church at Elstow, where Bunyan lived, in honor of him.”

Elstow was only a mile or two away, and the next morning they went there. They found a sleepy little village, but brisk work was going on in the restoration of the church. The master of the works showed them about, and explained how cautiously they were proceeding, preserving all the old details, replacing the stones and adding arches only when necessary for support. The old carving was used whenever a scrap was available, and the lines of it were carefully followed in the restored part.



Elstow Green, with School-House.

“Was the church in use in Bunyan’s time?” asked Sarah, for it had a most dilapidated look now.

“To be sure,” said the master; “it was here that he came, and I will show you where he got his idea of the wicket gate.” So saying, he showed them in the church wall a portal closed by a wooden door, and in the door a smaller door or wicket. It was scored with names and initials and dates, but was to be carefully preserved without further change.

Near by was the green, and upon it was a decrepit building of

timber and mortar, the upper story projecting, which had the reputation of being the school-house where Bunyan was taught. They tried the door, but it was locked. They looked through the yawning cracks, and saw that the lower story was used for the storage of some of the church furniture while the church was rebuilding. Upon inquiry, they found where the key to the upper part was kept, and going for it they brought back an old woman who opened the door and let them up the staircase into the rooms above.



Old Swan Inn, Elstow.

“And what is this place?” asked Mr. Bodley.

“Please, sir, it’s the Sunday-school room for the Independents of the Bunyan meeting.”

“What a forlorn little upper chamber!” said Mrs. Van Wyck.

“Yes, it’s an upper chamber,” said her husband, smiling. “There may be a good deal in common between this humble meeting-place and the stately church which we just saw.”

The village street was very quaint, and there were houses in it which might easily have been seen by Bunyan, but the house which

was called by his name was the most unlikely relic of all, being not over a hundred years old, and used now as a little shop for the sale of candy and ginger ale.

“There are two other places in this neighborhood,” said Professor Adams, that evening in Bedford, “which we might visit, connected with the names of Benjamin Franklin and George Washington.”

“By all means let us go,” said Mr. Bodley.

“Well,” said Professor Adams, “which shall we visit first, Ecton, where the Franklins came from, or Little Brington, the home of the Washingtons?”

“What is there to see at Ecton?” asked Mrs. Van Wyck.

“It was at Ecton that Josiah Franklin lived, the father of Benjamin. There was a house there known as the Franklin house, but the squire, I am told, tore it down, when he rebuilt the village, on sanitary grounds.”

“Benjamin Franklin would not have objected to that. But there is no house connected with the Franklins then?”

“No.”

“Are there any Franklins left in the village?”

“Not one. The name has not been known in the village during this generation.”

“Then, what is there?”

“Nothing, except that Franklin’s father came from Ecton.”

“Let’s not go. I am getting out of conceit of these very shadowy historical memorials.”

“But, Ned,” asked Mrs. Bodley, “Is it any better at Little Brington?”

“N—o,” said Professor Adams with reluctance. “That was the home of a Washington family and there are tombs and so forth

there; but I may as well confess, for you would drag it out of me if I did not, that antiquarians have failed to satisfy themselves that our Washington belonged to the family at Little Broughton."

"Why, it would be wrong to go," said Mrs. Van Wyck, — "positively wrong. We should be encouraging a mere hypothesis. We should be helping to establish an untrustworthy tradition. What a disgrace to seven historical students. How could we ever go home and face Lucy!"

"Then we may as well go back to London?" asked Charles.

"By way of Groton," said Cousin Ned. So they went by way of Groton, which was, to be sure, rather a roundabout way to London, and one not to be taken if the traveler were in a hurry. They went back to Cambridge, and then to Bury St. Edmunds, and from there to Sudbury, where they put up at the Rose and Crown.

"At length we appear to be in a veritable English inn," said Sarah, who was critical on such subjects. "Here is a paved courtyard, and a gallery, and lots of staircases. Let us stay here forever."

"Why not go to Groton this evening," said Charles, "and put up at a real, genuine, unsophisticated village inn? This is a market-town, and we're in a high-toned inn."

"To be sure," said Cousin Ned, who had been here before, "there is the Fox and Hounds at Groton."

"Oh, by all means," said Charles; "that must be the place."

"Nevertheless," said his cousin. "I think we'll stay here for one night."

There was rain in the night, and it looked threatening at breakfast, but they made up their minds to take the risks, since rain in England was a commonplace affair.

“Only think,” said Mr. Van Wyck, “I asked the landlord if he thought it would rain, and he looked up at the sky and said he thought there might be a tempest, just as if he had said a sprinkle. Is it because tempests are such very ordinary affairs in this mild country?”

“How odd!” said Mr. Bodley. “It is exactly the way old people used to talk on Cape Cod when I was a boy. A tempest with them meant not a roaring, tearing hurricane, but a light rain with some thunder and lightning.”

“Perhaps Cape Codders were from Suffolk County.”

“No doubt some were. The names of some of the places indicate the east of England, as Yarmouth and Harwich.”

It was a drive of about eight miles to Groton, through a pleasant country, and they had no tempest after all. They passed through Boxford, and a mile further on came into Groton.

“Here is your Fox and Hounds, Charles,” said Cousin Ned, as they came in view of the inn; “would you like to stay there?”

“Fox and Hounds!” exclaimed Sarah. “There is just about room enough for one fox and two hounds to get inside. I should think Grasshopper and Ants would be a better name.”

It was the merest toy of a house, with just two windows in the upper story, but it surely was a large enough inn for Groton, where were only about half a dozen houses besides the church.

“First, let us see where the old manor-house stood,” said Cousin Ned.

“Dear, dear,” said Mrs. Van Wyck, “is this to be Scrooby over again? Are we to see only a spot where something once was?”

“At least there is a little hole, Phippy,” said her cousin; and to be sure, when they left the road and entered the field, he showed

one or two depressions in the sod, which were supposed to mark the site of old foundations, but the house had been removed beyond the recollection of the oldest inhabitant.

“Now,” said Charles, after they had surveyed it, “perhaps some one in this crowd will have the goodness to tell me why I have come all this way to see a hole in the grass.”

They all turned and looked at him.

“Why, you’ve come to see what your great ancestor Governor Winthrop left behind him. Has he not, Uncle Nathan?”

“Quite so, my dear. This is where the Winthrop manor-house stood, and here is the old mulberry of which Governor Winthrop speaks in one of his letters. See how it has been propped up. It is bearing yet, and I think we are justified in eating one mulberry apiece from it.”

“I know what I should like,” said Charles. “I should like to have Sarah knit me a pair of silk stockings from silk spun by silkworms which have fed upon mulberry leaves from the tree belonging to my great ancestor Winthrop.”

“Such stockings would be too historically valuable,” said Sarah, “to go on your commonplace feet. They would be hung up in the Old South in Boston, with an inscription upon them, ending, ‘Knit by a lineal descendant of Peter Stuyvesant.’”

“I think the Bodleian Library would be the place for the stockings,” said Professor Adams. “But come, the mulberry-tree is a solid connecting link. Let’s look at St. Bartholomew.”

So they turned back from the field and made their way to the church. It was built of rubble, and dated apparently as early as the fifteenth century. There were no very old stones in the yard, but against the outer wall of the chancel was a cenotaph, having a

very old and illegibly carved stone for its top, while upon the new stones which made the sides was the inscription:—

“ IN THE ADJOINING CHANCEL WAS BURIED
 ADAM WINTHROP, ESQ WHO DIED IN 1562, AGED 54
 MASTER OF THE CLOTHWORKERS’ COMPANY OF LONDON
 FIRST LORD OF THIS MANOR AND PATRON OF THIS CHURCH AFTER THE REFOR-
 MATION
 AND IN THIS TOMB
 ON WHICH THE ORIGINAL INSCRIPTION IS NEARLY EFFACED
 WERE BURIED HIS SON ADAM WINTHROP, ESQ. WHO DIED IN 1633, AGED 75
 ALSO LORD OF THE MANOR, AND ANNE HIS WIFE
 PARENTS OF GOVERNOR JOHN WINTHROP OF NEW ENGLAND.
 NEAR THIS SPOT WERE INTERRED OTHERS OF THE SAME FAMILY.”

Within the church, which was very plain, there was an east window in memory of Governor Winthrop, given by his American descendants, and another smaller window given by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, as also a brass relating to Adam.

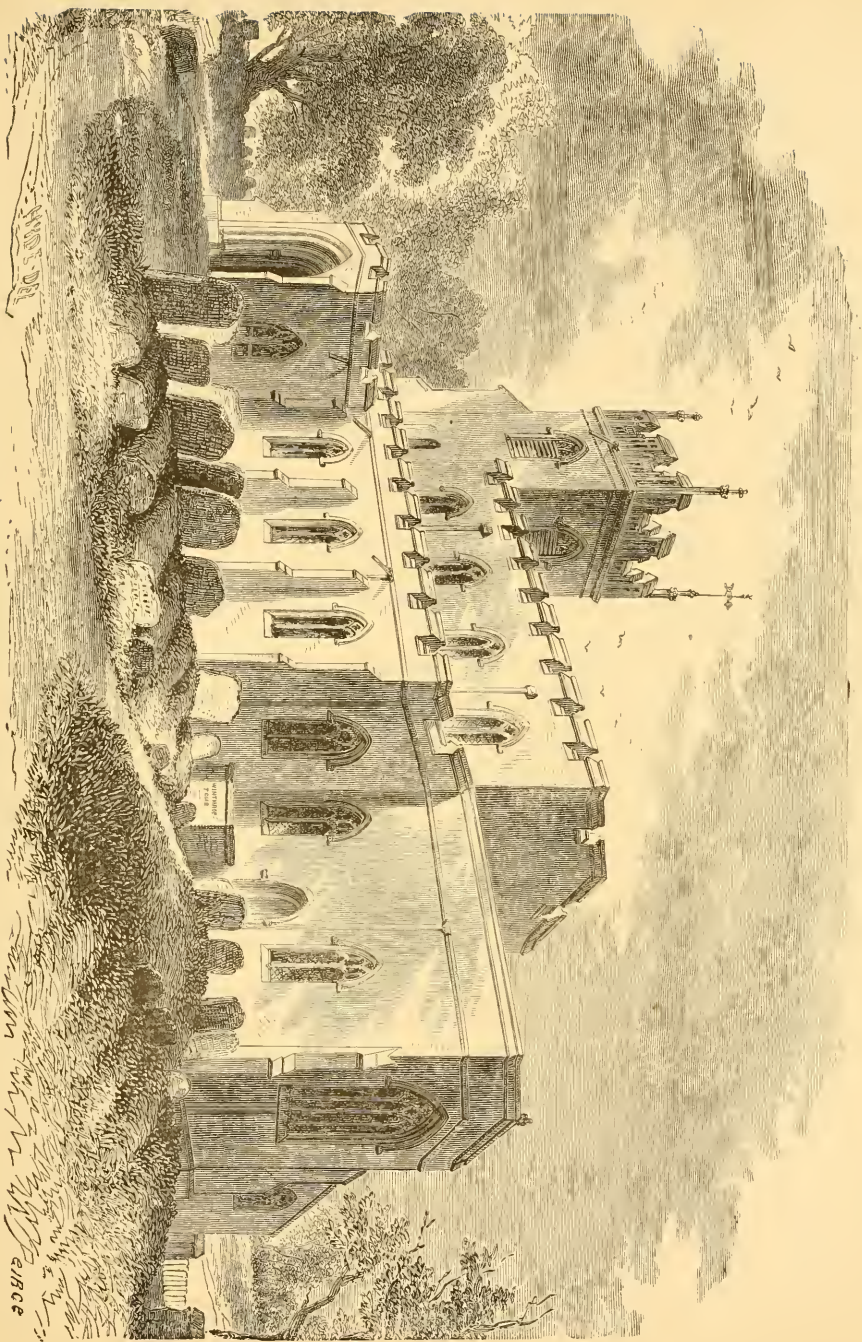


John Winthrop.

“ What a strange contrast ! ” said Mr. Van Wyck. “ There is America, great and rich and with a wonderful future before her, and here in this quietest of spots in England is a memorial to one of the men who had a great deal to do with making America what she is. If it had not been for John Winthrop, it is not certain that the great emigration of 1630 would have taken place. Certainly Massachusetts and Boston look back to Win-

throp as the most eminent of the founders of the commonwealth.”

“ What a contrast, too,” said Cousin Ned, “ between Winthrop’s



GROTON CHURCH, SUFFOLK COUNTY, ENG

W. P. D. R.

1850
W. P. D. R.
1850

life in the wilderness of Massachusetts Bay and that of an English country gentleman in Groton, such as he was and his father and grandfather Adam."

"There is another contrast," said Mr. Bodley. "Here in Groton John Winthrop was almost a hermit, like other Puritan gentlemen of his day. He led a very private life, reading his Bible, which had lately become the possession of the English people, avoiding the public discussions, and keeping out of the way of the court. In Boston he was constantly compelled to take the lead, and to be a busy man of affairs; he read his Bible still, but he gave most of his time to the business of a magistrate and farmer and ship-builder."

"Now, it's my turn," said Charles, gravely. "The presence of the Bodley and Van Wyck families at the tomb of their great ancestor's ancestors is one of the most striking pictures in modern history."

CHAPTER IX.

LONDON TOWN.

BACK to Sudbury went the party, and so by train to London. They had but three or four days here now, and they meant to use them diligently, for they had yet one more journey to take before they settled down for the winter, as they had planned to do, in Paris. So very resolute were they, that the gentlemen, together with Charles and Sarah, got up the next morning at an uncommonly early hour and went to Covent Garden Market, in order to get a glimpse of that busy place at its freshest and busiest hour. They made little purchases of flowers and fruit, and it seemed almost as if

they gathered the flowers in the garden, and picked the fruit from trees and vines, for the dew and coolness were still upon them. A few persons like themselves were walking about the market, but most of the people were hucksters and small shopmen and women, who were loading carts and baskets, and making ready to scatter the contents of the market in numberless shops and street corners throughout this part of London. The men who carried heavy burdens upon their heads and shoulders were protected by curious cushions. Everywhere were young girls, sitting upon the curbstone or upon steps, deftly tying up nosegays which a little later they would be selling in the London streets.

“We should have come earlier,” said Cousin Ned, “to have seen the busiest time, for as early as three o’clock the market is all astir with the carts and wagons which unload the vegetables and fruits brought in during the night from the country. I stayed once at the Tavistock Hotel here, and as my room looked out upon the market, I had to know what was going on.”

They carried back fruit and flowers to the ladies of the party, and sat down to breakfast with a hearty relish. It was rather late, indeed, when they were ready for the day’s campaign, but then they consoled themselves with thinking that the rest of London also was late.

“London is the most rapacious city,” said Mr. Van Wyck. “It steals your time and money and strength, and you seem to have nothing to show for it. Nevertheless, if I could get rid of my nationality I’d rather live here than anywhere else in the world. Perhaps familiarity would make it commonplace, but it seems to me that I should never tire of just walking, or going on an omnibus, from Charing Cross to St. Paul’s, every day.”



“Yes,” said his wife, “it is like looking at a panorama and moving yourself at the same time. At any rate, if we cannot do it every day of our lives let us at least do it to-day.”

So they took an omnibus to Charing Cross, and then set out on foot to go to St. Paul’s. The Strand begins there, and without changing its course becomes Fleet Street, after Temple Bar.

“We are on a great highway,” said Professor Adams to Charles and Sarah, who were walking on either side of him. “The Strand was the old road which led along the river between the city of London proper and the king’s palace at Westminster.”

“I suppose,” said Charles, “that they called it the Strand because it was a sort of beach.”

“Just so, and every once in a while, as you look down one of these cross streets, you can make out the Thames; but of late years they have changed the bank of the river very much, by building a fine embankment where were old tumbled-down houses and wharves. The bishops used to live all along the water-side. That is, they had their town houses there, where they lived when they came up to London. The noblemen lived within the city walls, but the bishops were not thought to be in so much peril as the noblemen.”

“Up there is Covent Garden,” said Sarah.

“Yes, it was Convent Garden once, for it belonged to the Abbey of Westminster. After a while these inns of the bishops gave way to noblemen’s houses. You think the street rather mean now, and I suppose it never was very magnificent, for the noblemen’s houses made more use of the river-front than of the street-front. Indeed, people avoided the street, and made their way from Westminster to London city more by boats on the river, for the street was ill-paved, and foot passengers were likely to be jostled by the servants of the

lords who thronged the place, and were usually much more insolent than their masters."

"But where is Temple Bar?" asked Charles. "I've always seen pictures of Temple Bar between the Strand and Fleet Street. Does n't it mark the limit of the city of London?"

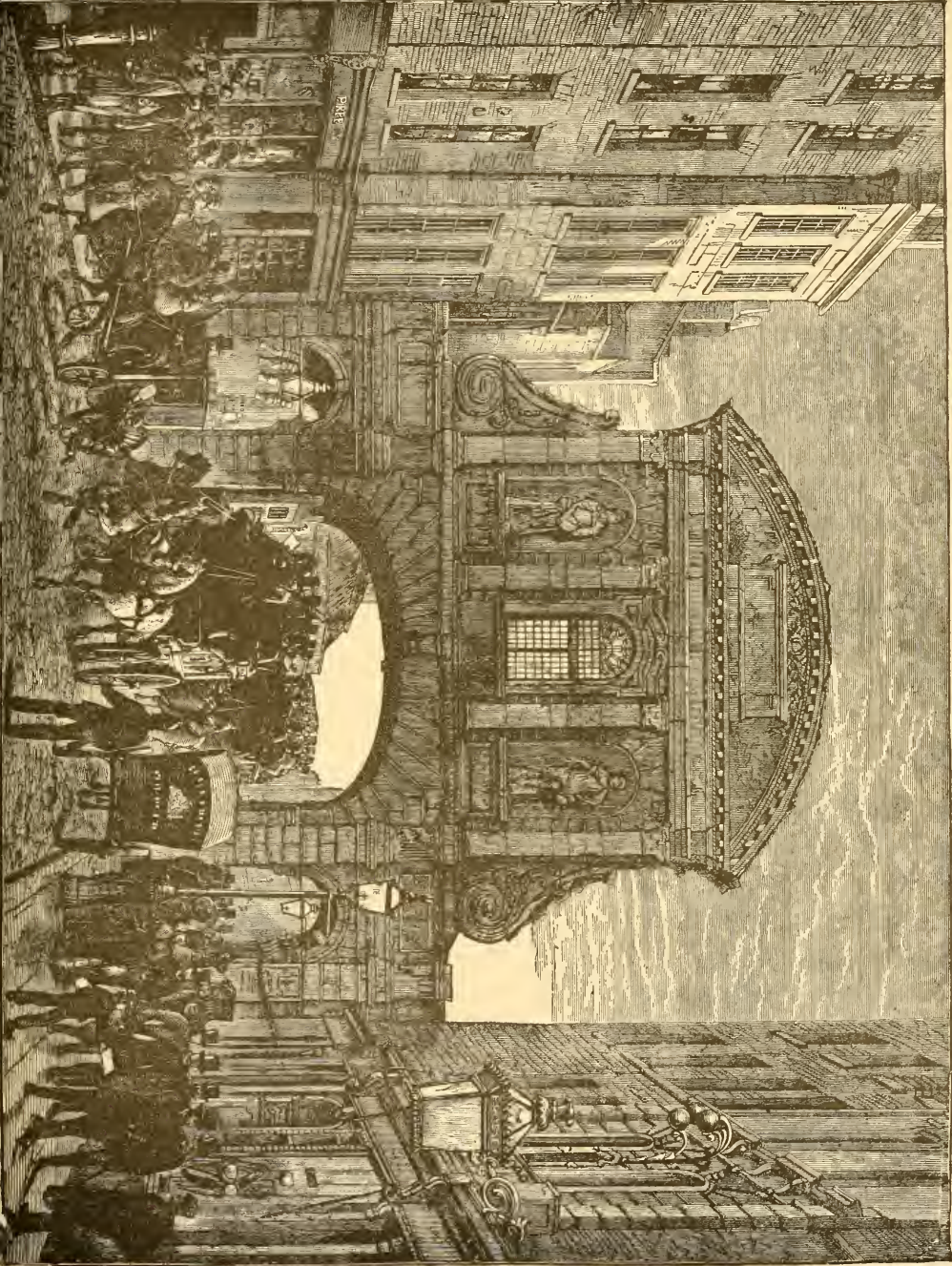
"Yes, and I think I miss nothing of the old London quite so much as Temple Bar. Do you see that column in the middle of the roadway? Well, that shows where Temple Bar stood. They took down the old structure because it interfered with free travel in one of the most crowded parts of London."

"But I should think," said Sarah, "that this column in the middle of the street would be almost as much of a nuisance."

"So should I," said Cousin Ned. "The authorities seem to have put it up as an apology for taking down a historical monument, but it is an unsightly thing in itself and blocks the road. I should not be surprised if it were taken down before long."

"Was Temple Bar itself so very old?" asked Charles.

"Long ago there was a bar here, or, rather, posts with chains; then a wooden house was built with an archway through it; and after the great fire of London, the Temple Bar which recently stood here was built of stone. That was in 1670, and the architect designed it who built St. Paul's Cathedral, Sir Christopher Wren. Whenever the king or queen went into the city from Westminster, which was only on some great occasion, the gates in Temple Bar were closed, while the Lord Mayor stood with a sword on the city side. Heralds sounded, a parley was held, and then the gates were thrown open and the mayor delivered the sword to the sovereign, who graciously handed it back again."



“I suppose,” said Charles, “that if the mayor objected to letting the queen come through he would be handed over to the police.”

“Such customs usually are earnest once, then they become mere forms, and at last they are worn out like this one and thrown away.”

“But why was it called Temple Bar?” asked Sarah. “Is there any temple near by?”

“To be sure,” said Cousin Ned, “and I think we ought to step aside to see it.” So, wheeling his whole party about, he led them by a little cross street toward the water-side, and to what is known as The Temple, where are halls for lawyers, and a singular old church. The Temple, as he explained, is a name given to what



Exterior of the Temple Church in the time of James I.

was once the property of the Knights Templars, who were among the Crusaders, and who built their church in imitation of the Holy

Sepulchre at Jerusalem. So long ago as 1185 the church was dedicated, and though it has passed through changes since, it is still



Interior of the Temple Church.

substantially the same. They walked about within the church and looked at the recumbent figures of the mail-clad Knights Templars.

“These fellows,” said Mr. Van Wyck, “were more picturesque; but for my part I take more pleasure in thinking that Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith and Cowper and Charles Lamb lived within these precincts. They make the place more human to me than Knights Templars. I can’t for the life of me help confounding these historic gentlemen with the Masonic societies of our day, and they always

seem to me to have the greatest amount of outside bravery with the least degree of heroic action.”

“Oh, you don’t know what mighty things they do in secret, Philip,” said Cousin Ned.

They returned to Fleet Street, and kept on their way to Ludgate Hill, where they saw St. Paul's Cathedral before them.

"I often think of this place," said Mr. Bodley, "because it was the first great thing in London that I saw when I came here as a boy. I crossed in a sailing-vessel direct to London, just as we all did in our steamer, and landed at one of the docks. The father of our first mate came aboard, and showed me the way by rail up to the city. I forget just where the station was, but I remember climbing one of the steep streets here with my head down. When I lifted it suddenly, there just above me was the dome of St. Paul's, and my heart gave a great leap."

"How smooched the stone is!" said Sarah.

"It looks to me," said Mrs. Bodley, "like dark stone that has been struck by moonlight."

"To be sure," said Sarah; "see how the white, moony streaks stick into the dark parts."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Bodley, "what a niece I have to improve on my poetry."

"Sir Christopher Wren was a genius," said Mr. Van Wyck, as they entered the building. "People say there is a great deal of sham about St. Paul's. All I can say is, that to the unlearned eye it is a most harmonious building. It is in the heart of a great commercial city, and he chose a form which is the embodiment of a city. Other cathedrals have had cities grow about them, but Wren was to place his building in the midst of one already grown. He took the Roman arch and the dome, and constructed a building which symbolizes the power and luxury and dignity and wealth of London."

"The proportions are certainly grand," said Cousin Ned, "and the building has the advantage of being the result of one man's

thought. Most cathedrals are the growth of centuries, and the ideas of many men have been built into them."

"It's a good place to see insular England in," said Mr. Bodley. "Look at all these marble sailors and soldiers who occupy the premises. See the wounded men held up by their comrades and goddesses. What attitudes! It makes one think of 'Pinafore.'"

They walked about the church, and at length, with commendable zeal, set out to climb up to the dome. A long flight of steps, each about three inches high, brought them to the first landing-place, where was a corridor, from which led the library. "What a love of learning the clergy of the cathedral must have," said Mr. Bodley, "if they are willing to climb all these stairs to get a book!"

"Oh, see here," said Sarah, who had run on before the rest, and now stood delighted in front of a latticed window which looked out from the corridor upon the city over the roofs of houses. Here was a watchman's box, and he had hung half a dozen bird-cages in the alcove, and on the walls had pasted pictures from papers. The birds were twittering and the light shone in on the pictures.

"It's just like a prison up here," said Sarah, "and this man has made it as pretty as he could."

Then there was a stone staircase about a foot wide, which was against the side of a wall, and hearing voices above, they all climbed the steps and found themselves, with one or two others, in a little chamber. There was an old man there, who hushed everybody, and then delivered a little lecture upon the clock and the bell of St. Paul's. The bell was tolled, he said, only at the death of one of the royal family, or of the Dean of the cathedral, the Lord Mayor of London, the Bishop of London, or the Archbishop of Canterbury. He took great satisfaction in the highly exclusive and aristocratic

character of his bell, and when his lecture was ended he ushered the company into another chamber.

“Is that the ticking of the clock that we have heard?” asked Charles of his father as they went up.

“The clock is exactly like a house clock,” explained the guide, who heard his question, but when they came into the chamber where the works were, the mysterious sound was made clear. A man was winding the clock. He stood with his back to them turning a crank, and the sound was made by the ratchets. The clock was wound daily, and the winding took three quarters of an hour, the guide said.

“Poor man,” whispered Mrs. Van Wyck to Cousin Ned. “Just see that large stain on his back,” pointing to the winder.

“It is the result of years of perspiration, Phippy,” said her cousin. “I wonder they don’t invent some machine. What Yankee church would be contented to have a man wind the clock for three quarters of an hour every day!”

They came down from the clock, recrossed the corridor, and went up-stairs again. The next landing let them into the Whispering Gallery, which runs around the interior of the dome. They were all driven like sheep half way around the dome, while the whisperer remained where he was. They put their ears to the wall, and heard the guide tell them just how high, broad, and long the building was.

“That’s no secret,” said Sarah. “He need n’t have whispered that.”

“I mean to whisper something back,” said Mr. Bodley, so he motioned to the guide, who put his ear down and heard Mr. Bodley’s private message.

“What did you say, Nathan?” asked his sister.

“Ask the guide,” said he; and Mrs. Van Wyck whispered:—

“What did the gentleman say?” and then listened for his answer.

“Well, he must have heard,” she said, when he had finished. “He tells me that there is a whispering gallery in the Whitefield Church in Newburyport, Massachusetts, and that when we were children we went there.”

“Did you really, mamma?” asked Sarah.

“To be sure; your Uncle Nathan and Aunt Lucy and Cousin Ned were with me. We drove with grandfather and grandmother from Boston to Newburyport, where we visited your great-aunt Lucy.”

Their next stage was the stone gallery, from which they looked off a short distance through the fog, and down upon the pavement below, and then finally they went to the Golden Gallery, still higher, where there was scarcely room for more than their party. The yellow fog would hardly let them see across the river Thames. Above them was the ball, holding five or six people only, but the satisfaction to be had from going there appeared to be simply in saying they had been, and, as Charles sagely remarked, if they wanted to say anything they could say they had n't been. The guide said that a further tax of eighteen pence a head was laid on those who went up into the ball, not for the sake of the money, but to prevent people from going, since the climb was a little dangerous, especially for ladies. They climbed by turns into a circular space railed about in the Golden Gallery and getting down on their hands and knees looked through a grated opening, a foot in diameter, down, down, three hundred feet to the pavement below. For they were exactly at the centre of the great dome. A rush of dusty air

came up through the grating and made everything below seem to be half-floating in mist.

They took their way down the long staircase again, and, to com-



Houses of Parliament from the Thames.

plete their exploration of the cathedral, descended to the crypt, where they saw the porphyry sarcophagus in which the Duke of Wellington lay buried; and farther on, directly under the dome, the

sarcophagus of Nelson. Then, leaving the cathedral behind them, they went down Paul's Chain, a narrow lane leading to the Thames, and took one of the little steamers which puff up and down the river. On the deck of the steamer they sat or stood, and looked at the great city through which they were passing, at the backs of houses, at the broad embankment, and at the bridges, crowded with people, under which their little craft shot.

By and by they came in sight of the Houses of Parliament, and indeed the return by the river was planned by Cousin Ned, because he knew that thus they would get the fullest and fairest view. The great Victoria Tower and the Clock Tower rose finely before them, and gave to the buildings their dignity and grace.

"I am a heathen woman and an American," said Mrs. Van Wyck, calmly, "and the Capitol at Washington is to me a far grander building."

"None of us who have seen both will dispute that, Phippy," said Cousin Ned. "There is no such composition in this pile. Here one window, one arch, are repeated in long lines, and the effect is very unimaginative. The towers help to redeem it; but on the whole it is simply a weak repetition of details which are copied by a sort of schoolmaster architect. They have better architects in England now than they had when the Houses of Parliament were built, and it is a pity that they had not waited a generation."

They left the boat at Westminster Bridge and paid a visit to the Houses of Parliament. Parliament was not in session, and so they went about the halls and chambers, looking at the paintings of English history which adorned the walls, and wondering at the smallness of the chambers in which the Lords and Commons sat."

"I suppose there is not much America in this building," said Mrs. Van Wyck.

“Not in the building as it stands, which was begun in 1840; though, to be sure, there have been debates here, as in our late war, which had a good deal to do with the United States. The old Houses of Parliament were partly burned and partly incorporated in this new building.”

“I should like to see the place where the throne stood from which George the Third announced the Independence of the United States,” said Mrs. Bodley.

“So should I,” said her husband. “Indeed, except to be living now, and in the midst of this interesting family of mine, I should like best to have been Elkanah Watson when he heard the king give it up.”

“Who was Elkanah Watson?” asked Charles.

“He was a lively American merchant who was in London at the time, and has left a record of it in his memoirs.”

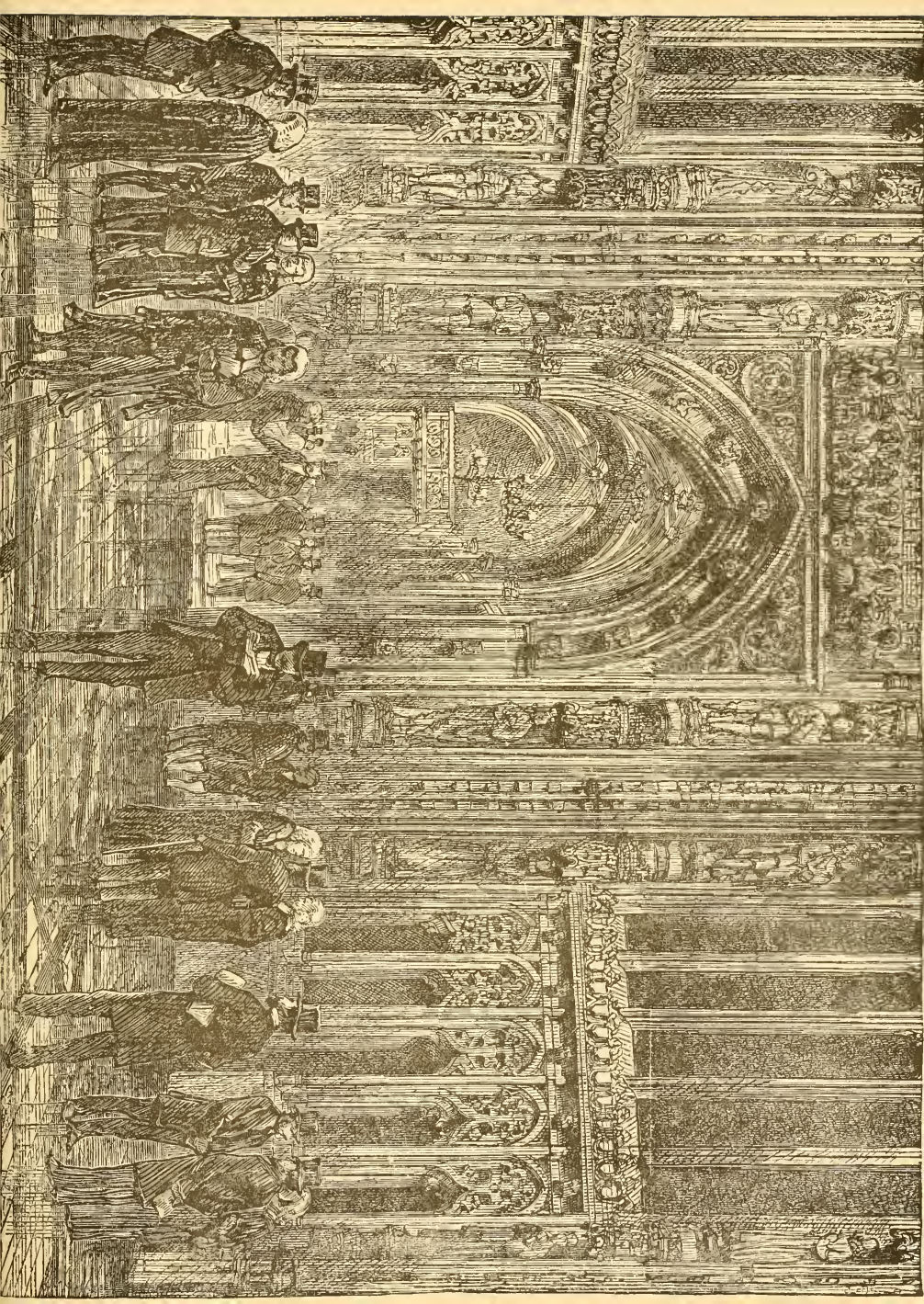
And here I might, if I chose, declare that Professor Adams had the book in his pocket, and read the passage aloud, but that would not be true, or probable. What really took place was, that Mr. Bodley gave an account from memory, but as I who chronicle the doings of this estimable family have the book at my elbow, I prefer to copy from it exactly what Elkanah Watson did say, even though I thus appear to interrupt my narrative.

“Soon after my arrival in England,” he says, “having won at the insurance office one hundred guineas on the event of Lord Howe’s relieving Gibraltar, and dining the same day with Copley, the distinguished painter, who was a Bostonian by birth, I determined to devote the sum to a splendid portrait of myself. The painting was finished in most admirable style, except the background, which Copley and I designed to represent a ship, bearing to

America the intelligence of the acknowledgment of Independence, with a sun just rising upon the Stripes of the Union, streaming from her gaff. All was complete, save the flag, which Copley did not deem prudent to hoist under present circumstances, as his gallery is a constant resort of the royal family and the nobility. I dined with the artist on the glorious 5th of December, 1782, after listening with him to the speech of the king, formally recognizing the United States of America as in the rank of nations. Previous to dining, and immediately after our return from the House of Lords, he invited me into his studio, and there, with a bold hand, a master's touch, and I believe an American heart, attached to the ship the *Stars and Stripes*. This was, I imagine, *the first American flag hoisted in old England*.

“At an early hour on the 5th of December, 1782, in conformity with previous arrangements, I was conducted by the Earl of Ferrers to the very entrance of the House of Lords. At the door he whispered, ‘Get as near the throne as you can; fear nothing.’ I did so, and found myself exactly in front of it, elbow to elbow with the celebrated admiral Lord Howe. The Lords were promiscuously standing as I entered. It was a dark and foggy day; and the windows being elevated and constructed in the antiquated style, with leaden bars to contain the diamond-cut panes of glass, increased the gloom. The walls were hung with dark tapestry, representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada. I had the pleasure of recognizing in the crowd of spectators Copley, and West the painter, with some American ladies. I saw, also, some dejected American Royalists in the group.

“After waiting nearly two hours, the approach of the king was announced by a tremendous roar of artillery. He entered by a small door on the left of the throne, and immediately seated him-



self upon the chair of state, in a graceful attitude, with his right foot resting upon a stool. He was clothed in royal robes. Apparently agitated, he drew from his pocket the scroll containing his speech. The Commons were summoned, and, after the bustle of their entrance had subsided, he proceeded to read his speech. I was near the king, and watched with intense interest every tone of his voice and expression of his countenance. It was to me a moment of thrilling and dignified exultation. After some general and usual remarks, he continued, —

“‘I lost no time in giving the necessary orders to prohibit the further prosecution of offensive war upon the Continent of North America. Adopting, as my inclination will always lead me to do, with decision and effect whatever I collect to be the sense of my Parliament and my people, I have pointed all my views and measures in Europe, as in North America, to an entire and cordial reconciliation with the Colonies. Finding it indispensable to the attainment of this object, I did not hesitate to go to the full length of the powers vested in me, and offer to declare them’ — here he paused, and was in evident agitation, either embarrassed in reading his speech by the darkness of the room, or affected by a very *natural emotion*. In a moment he resumed, ‘and offer to declare them *free and independent States*. In thus admitting their separation from the crown of these kingdoms, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinions of my people. I make it my humble and ardent prayer to Almighty God, that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the empire, and that America may be free from the calamities which have formerly proved in the mother country how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Re-

ligion, language, interests, and affection may, and I hope will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries.'

“It is remarked that George III. is celebrated for reading his



George III.

speeches in a distinct, free, and impressive manner. On this occasion he was evidently embarrassed. He hesitated, choked, and executed the painful duties of the occasion with an ill grace that does not belong to him. I cannot adequately portray my sensations in the progress of this address: every artery beat high, and swelled with my proud American blood. It was impossible not to revert to the opposite shores of the Atlantic, and to

review in my mind's eye the misery and woe I had myself witnessed in several stages of the contest, and the wide-spread desolation resulting from the stubbornness of this very king, now so prostrate, but who had turned a deaf ear to our humble and importunate petitions for relief. Yet I believe that George III. acted under what he felt to be the high and solemn claims of constitutional duty.

“The great drama was now closed. The Battle of Lexington exhibited its first scene. The Declaration of Independence was a lofty and glorious event in its progress; and the ratification of our Independence by the king consummated the spectacle in triumph and exultation. This successful issue of the American Revolution will,

in all probability, influence eventually the destinies of the whole human race. Such had been the sentiment and language of men of the profoundest sagacity and prescience during and anterior to the conflict, in all appeals to the people. In leaving the house, I jostled Copley and West, who, I thought, were enjoying the rich political repast of the day, and noticing the anguish and despair depicted on the long visages of our American Tories."

"Speaking of pictures," said Mr. Van Wyck, "I have often been interested at seeing how the early impressions which I formed when a boy through seeing pictures have been confirmed or modified afterward; and how I take a lively interest in certain things because I had a childish association with them. There are pictures in the galleries which I look at longer than their real value might demand, simply because we had engravings of them at home."

"Just so, Philip," said his wife. "Nathan, don't you remember how when we were children we had a picture gallery, admission one pin, in the little library at Roseland, and hung engravings by clothes-pins upon lines?"

"To be sure. Perfectly well."

"Well, there was a picture which fascinated me, 'Death of Lord Chatham,' by West, I think, where Lord Chatham is tumbling into the arms of his friends in the House of Lords. I have thought of it since we came here, and I own that it is one of my regrets not to be able to see the place where Lord Chatham fell. But I suppose I should have wished to see the peers in their robes, and the whole grand tableau."

"A most American wish, Phippy. We have a certain proprietorship in Lord Chatham. It was he who rallied the English in the great conflict between France and England in America, and if it had not been for him, history might have taken another turn."

“He was a good American himself,” said Professor Adams. “He believed in the people and was ready to trust them.”

“But why did he come to the House of Lords to die?” asked Sarah. “I should think it would have been more convenient to die at home.”

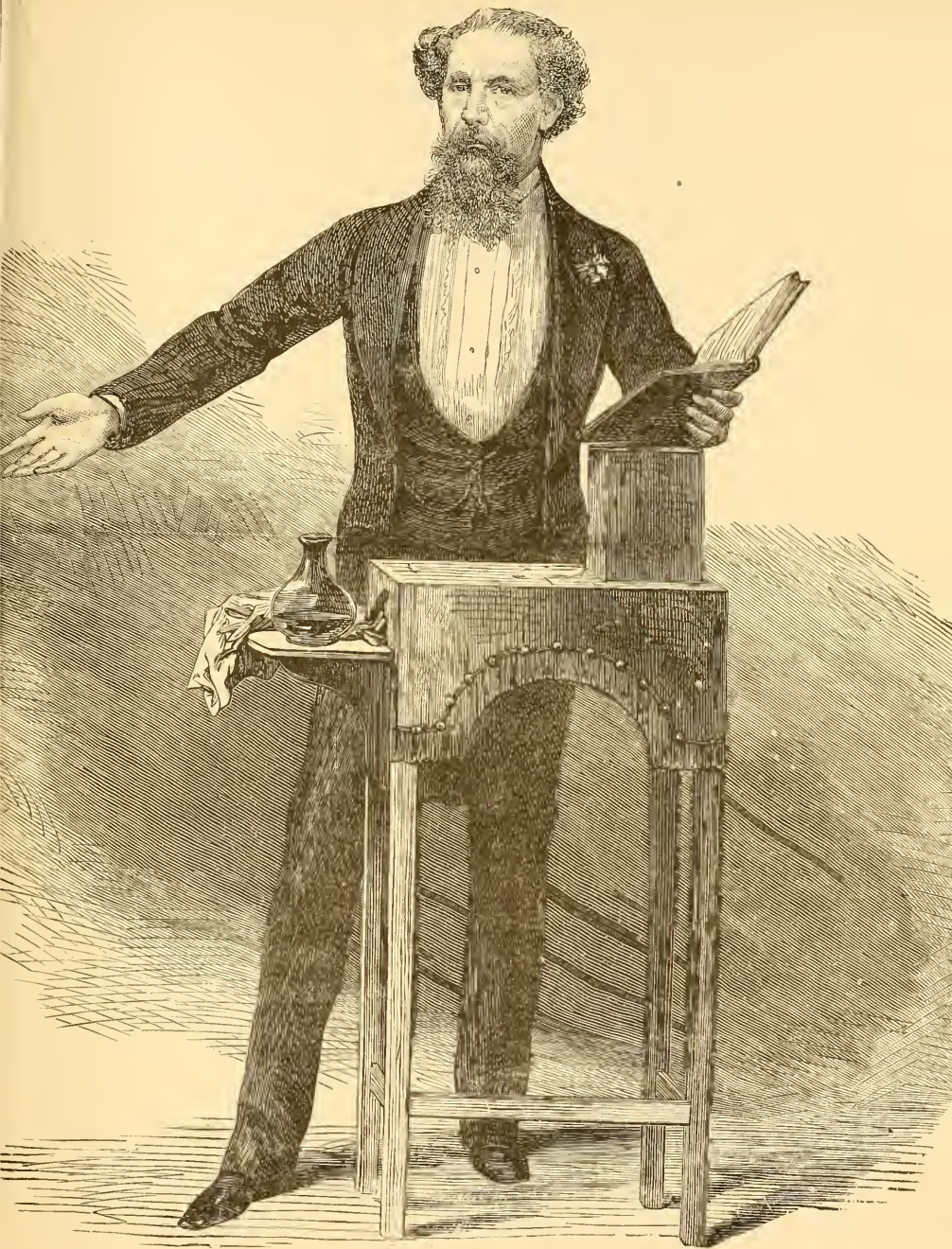
“He died at his post, Sarah,” said her father. “France and America had just formed an alliance, and the English lords who were opposed to the king’s policy toward America were for turning round, acknowledging the independence of the United States, and so meeting France single-handed. So, on the 7th of April, 1778, the Duke of Richmond moved in the House of Lords that all troops should be removed from America and a peace concluded, but as there could be no peace without a recognition of the independence

of the states, that would follow as a matter of course. Lord Chatham was very ill, but he was determined to go down and oppose the motion, for much as he wanted peace with America, he thought it cowardly to get it in this way. He had fought France all his days, and he would not have England play a timid part now. So he was half carried to the House, and made a great speech, and asked in it if the country which seventeen years before was the terror of



William Pitt, Lord Chatham.

the world had stooped so low now as to tell its old enemy: ‘Take



CHARLES DICKENS READING A STORY.

all we have, only give us peace.' The Duke of Richmond replied, and Chatham rose again to make another speech, but suddenly he gasped, laid his hand upon his heart, and sank back dying."

"Did he die there?"

"No, he was carried to a house in Downing Street, where I think he died, but I am not sure."

They left the Houses of Parliament, and had yet time for a visit to Westminster Abbey. They entered by the little porch which admits at once to the Poets' Corner. They had been before in the Abbey on Sunday at service, and their visit now was especially to this little sanctuary.

"Why should the poets be put in a corner?" asked Charles, with a show of indignation.

"And why should they be by the backdoor of the church?" demanded Sarah.

"Is n't it better so?" asked Mr. Bodley. "This is the great English house of fame. Here lie kings, statesmen, warriors, painters, and poets, and here every day are prayer and praise. In the world at large poets live very much at one side, out of the noise and crowd, and I think it is very well that they should have this quiet corner to themselves in death."

"Here is one of the latest," said Mr. Van Wyck, "who scarcely lived in a corner." They looked where he pointed, and read the name of Charles Dickens.

"At any rate," he went on, "he was public enough in America. You heard him read, Nathan, did you not?"

"To be sure. I remember him with his little stand, and his red morocco book in his hand, and nosegay in his button-hole, and gold chain and general show appearance. How carefully he made himself up, and all his apparatus."

"I am certain he liked it," said Mr. Van Wyck; "he was feverish and restless. Crowds became necessary to him."

"What a crowd he created himself!" said Mr. Bodley. "I should think he would have been haunted by the recollections of the hundreds of men, women, and children who had flown out of his head."

"Perhaps he was trying to get away from them," said his wife, "when he read to people."

"I remember him in a different way," said Cousin Ned. "Once when I was in England I took a little excursion to Rochester, and walked out to Gadshill to see the outside of Dickens's house. Imagine my delight, as I walked by, and peeped in through the shrubbery, at seeing the great novelist himself standing in an easy attitude in his porch. He looked very much more like a man whom one would wish to know. He wore a soft hat and held a book in his hand, while he leaned against one of the pillars of his porch. He looked as if he had been reading to himself and had come out for a moment to get a breath of fresh air."

"That was worth seeing," said Mrs. Bodley. "I should like to have seen him at home, but my thought of him is very much like that of the others. I always think of him as a public character."

"How much more we know about him than we do about Shakespeare?" said Mr. Van Wyck. "They both created a multitude of men and women, and yet Shakespeare is so absolutely unknown that people are disputing whether he was the author of his own plays. Everybody knows Dickens and his household affairs, and what he thought about his friends and enemies."

"Isn't it partly the difference in the times?" asked Mrs. Bodley.



DICKENS IN THE PORCH AT GAD'S HILL.

“Yes, but more the difference in the men and in the sort of creation they were engaged in. Dickens’s people seem to have been begun from the outside and to have struck a little way in, while Shakespeare’s people were living souls who made their own faces and bodies. How perfectly possible it is to have accurate pictures by artists of Dickens’s characters, and how unsatisfactory and stagey are almost all the illustrations of Shakespeare’s heroes and heroines.”

“I have sometimes thought,” said Cousin Ned, “that Shakespeare’s characters can be adequately rendered only by sculpture. There one gets the figure and the soul in the most ideal representation. But Dickens’s characters all need their particular dress and accessories. They should be painted, or rather drawn, in black and white.”

“Let’s go to Gadshill,” said Charles.

“You’d see nothing but a house which no longer belongs to the family,” said his father.

“Well, most of our historical monuments come to that,” said the boy.

“I have a better thought,” said Sarah. “Let’s go home to dinner;” and the entire party were ready to agree to that, for they had had a long and full day. But what can one do in London, when his days are few?

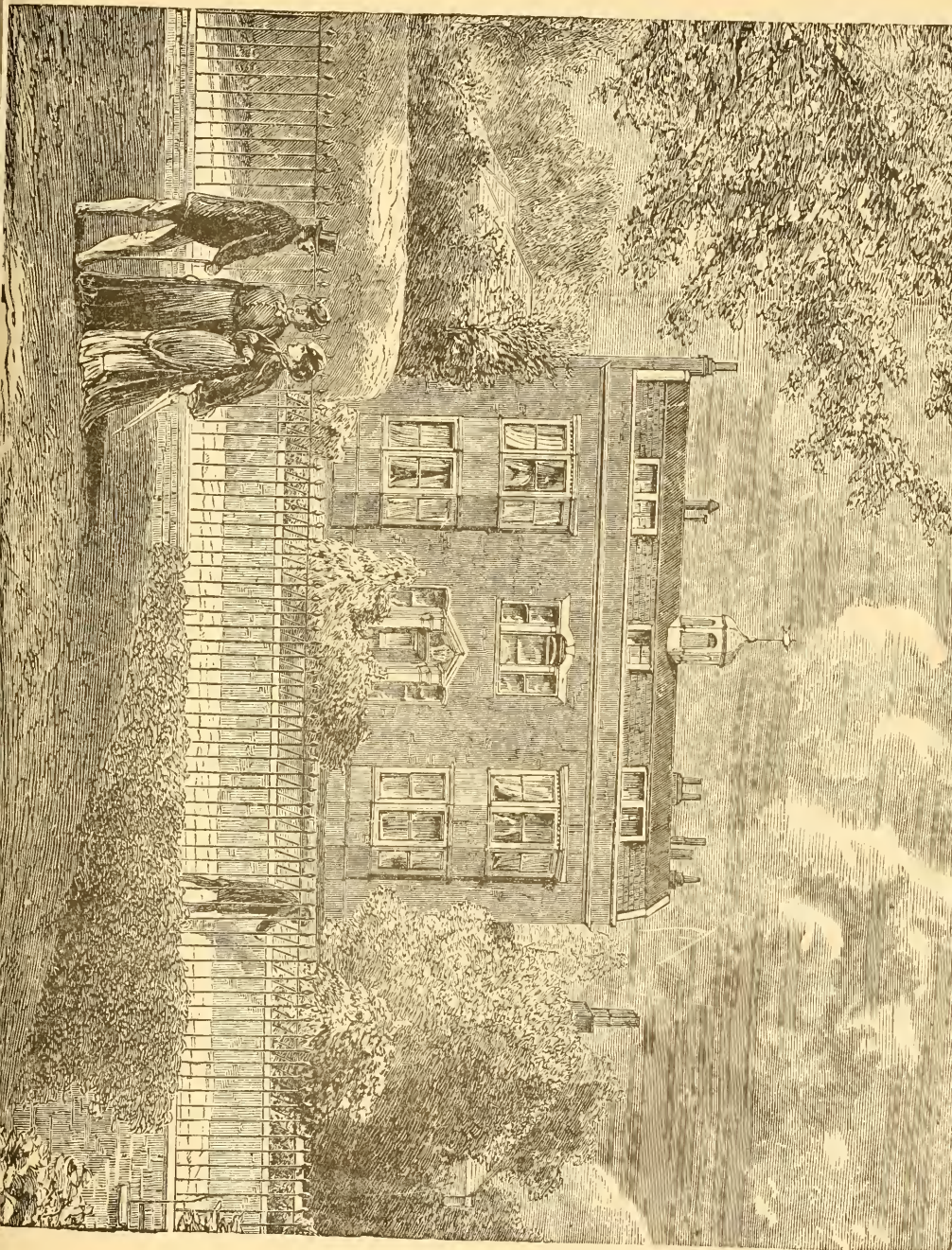
CHAPTER X.

A LITTLE CHURCH.

At length it was needful to leave London, if they would make the few excursions which remained in their plan before they bade good-by to Cousin Ned at Liverpool, and thus on Monday, the 19th of September, they took the West of England express, and, making but one stop on the way, reached Salisbury, eighty-one miles from London. As they stepped out upon the platform, there were their old friends, the English Bodleys, waiting to welcome them. It was in Salisbury that Mr. John Bodley and his two children lived, and letters had passed between the families, for Mr. Bodley, though he could not entertain the party at his house, wished to do the honors of the little town.

“You are to come to us for dinner, at any rate,” said he. “I only wish my little house were big enough to hold you for the night, if you really will only stay one night in Salisbury. But I have arranged for you at the Red Lion,” and so to the Red Lion they all went until our friends could make themselves ready to go to dinner at the English Bodleys. Mr. John Bodley was a widower who lived quietly with his two children, and gave most of his time evidently to their education.

“You see,” as he explained to Mr. Nathan Bodley, “I have quite enough to live on comfortably in a little country town like this, and I really think I can do nothing for my country or my children that is worth more than to give these two a sound education, and teach them to be good citizens. If I turn them over to other people, I



don't see what I should do myself. So, if you ask what my occupation is, why, I suppose it's just being a father."

"What are you going to be, John?" Charles asked him as they walked towards Mr. Bodley's house.

"I think I shall be an architect," said he; "I want to be, and papa is thinking about it. What do you mean to be?"

"I have n't made up my mind yet: I rather think I shall go West."

"Well, but what shall you do when you get there? Hunt buffaloes, and camp out? or dig for gold?"

"Perhaps I shall grow up with the country and be a senator." John looked at him with admiration.

"Why, that's very much the same as being in the House of Lords, is n't it?"

"Oh, it's a good deal more; a lord only stands for an old family, but a senator represents a great state. Think of being one of two senators for a state bigger than England, Scotland, and Ireland put together!" John did think of it, and being a remarkably sober boy he kept silence.

"There is one thing," said Mrs. Van Wyck at dinner, "which I should like to see at Salisbury, or near Salisbury."

"And what is that?" asked Mr. John Bodley. "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, or Stonehenge?"

"Neither, though I should be glad to see Stonehenge. No. I have always had a great affection for George Herbert, the poet, and I should like to see his little church at Bemerton, if it's not too far away."

"Now that is just what I was meaning to propose," said Mr. John Bodley. "Why should we not all go over there to morning service? It's only a mile or so away, and they have daily prayer."

“Exactly what I should like. I thought it could not be very far, for I remember that Herbert used to walk over to Salisbury to the cathedral.”

“Do you remember, Phippy,” asked her brother, “a visit we made to Aunt Martha, in Hartford, when we were children, and I was walking to New York with Cousin Ned, and how mother told us about Herbert and his helping the carter? It is curious how such little things will stay by one. That cool dining-room on a hot Sunday, and mother telling us the story and singing to us, come back as vividly to my mind as if it had happened yesterday.”

“I remember perfectly, and how uncle told us the kind of Sundays that Puritan children kept.”

So they all went to Bemerton the next morning before breakfast. They followed a pretty lane, part of the way by the river side, past thatched cottages and old houses, and as they drew near to the church they heard the little bell in the little belfry calling the little congregation to prayer in the little church. It was the merest dot of a church. A low porch admitted them, and an old door, no longer used, opposite the porch, led into the churchyard beyond. A dozen or fifteen people, many of them children, were there beside themselves, and the service was read by the old vicar, an aged man with a broken voice, while one of his family led the singing from behind a harmonium. So large a party could hardly escape notice; and as they lingered after service about the quaint church, the lady who had sat at the harmonium came forward and spoke to Mrs. Bodley.

“You have come out, I suppose, to see George Herbert’s church.”

“Yes, and to worship in it,” said Mrs. Bodley with a smile.

“We are all great lovers of Herbert. He lies buried here, does he not?”

“ He is buried under the altar. He was so lowly that he asked for no memorial, but twenty years ago Mr. Pigott built the church which you see yonder in place of the old one which had fallen into ruins.”

“ Then this is not the parish church ? ”

“ No. We have morning prayer here, and always keep it open.”

“ And is this house opposite the one which Herbert occupied ? ”

“ Yes, though it has been enlarged since his day, and the front is new. The tablet in front is the one which you remember Isaak Walton says Herbert placed in the chimney.” They had all drawn near while this conversation was going on, and now read the lines :

“ If thou chance for to find
 A new house to thy mind,
 And built without thy cost,
 Be good to the poor,
 As God gives thee store,
 And then my labor 's not lost.”

“ Will you not come in and see the garden ? ” asked the lady.

“ You are very good,” said Mrs Bodley, hesitating. “ But we are rather a large party.”

“ Oh, never mind that. We are always glad to have lovers of Herbert come in.” So they followed their hostess, who led them through the house into the charming garden. She showed them the rear of the house, of stone and brick, much as Herbert had left it, except for more abundant vines. There was a lovely lawn, and at the foot ran the limpid, grassy river where Isaak Walton used to fish. Near the bank was an ancient medlar-tree, well incased with metal, but still bearing fruit. It had been planted by Herbert, and here on this pleasant grass-land he had taken his walks, and no doubt chanted to himself his quaint verses. Beyond the river were meadows, and over the trees rose the spire of Salisbury Cathedral.

“Did you ever visit Layton-Ecclesia, which Walton says was the first parish where Herbert lived?” asked Professor Adams of the lady.

“No. I remember the name only.”

“I looked for it once, but had little time, and suspect it may have wholly disappeared. It was said to be near Spalding, in Lincolnshire, and I have pleased myself with thinking that when Herbert was there, he knew John Cotton, of Boston, in Lincolnshire.”

“Ah, then, you are no doubt Americans?”

“Most of us,” said he with a smile, “and the rest good enough English people to be.”

“Herbert must have had a kindly feeling for America,” she said, “Do you not remember his lines, —

“ ‘ Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand ’ ” ?

“Yes,” said he, eagerly, “and I have often thought that he had Cotton in his mind when he wrote them. Cotton, you know, was the rector of St. Botolph’s, in old Boston, and was teacher over the first church in our Boston. It was partly for this, it is thought by some, that Boston got its name.”

“America is very much in our minds now,” said she, sadly, “since the lamentable attempt on your President’s life.”

“But he is better, we hope,” said Mr. Van Wyck. “At least the news yesterday seemed more favorable. I have not heard to-day.”

“Let us hope so. He is a brave man, and his wife must be a noble woman. They have done more to make England know and understand America than all the books that have been written by English travelers.”

They bade their kind hostess good morning and walked back by the lane, with appetites sharpened for breakfast. Mr. John Bodley and his children promised to call for them later, and show them the cathedral, and so they parted at the corner of the street that led to the cathedral green. It was a short distance only to the Red Lion; just before they reached the inn, a piece of white paper fluttering from the post of a doorway caught their eye, for the word GARFIELD was written in large letters. They stopped. The paper was a brief bulletin issued from the local newspaper which had its office upstairs, and stating that the American Legation in London had received a dispatch at six o'clock that morning with intelligence of the President's death the night before. They looked at each other, but could not trust themselves to speak. All summer long they had followed the varying record of his illness with alternate hope and discouragement. It had been the first thing at morning and the last at night, and when the little company gathered for family prayers, they never failed to remember the President and his family and their country.

They breakfasted almost in silence, and when Mr. Bodley came with his children to take them to the cathedral, he also had heard the news.

"I am glad we are going to the cathedral," said Mrs. Van Wyck. "I really could not see any sights this morning, but I think I could go to church."

They had a few minutes before service in which to let their eyes rest on the beautiful cathedral. Its charm is threefold. It was all built, except the spire, within fifty years of its first stones, and thus has a unity lacking in other cathedrals; then its spire is the highest in England, and singularly beautiful, and the cathedral, unlike many

others, is in a park of several hundred acres, so that the surroundings are of the most delightful character. The beautiful, reserved, Early English style renders the building a great rest to the eye; and in the interior there is a chaste simplicity and a beauty of color obtained by dark marble columns which make one think of it as the most graceful of cathedrals. Everything is in perfect unison; the cloisters surround a square of living green used as a quiet burial-place, and the quiet which reigns in the place is the quiet of peace and not of death.

It was a great comfort to them all to join in the morning service, with its prayer for persons under affliction. They knew that the English people about them had in their minds the same persons as themselves; and they knew that all over England that morning, in cathedral and parish church, the same prayer was going up, with the same thoughts.

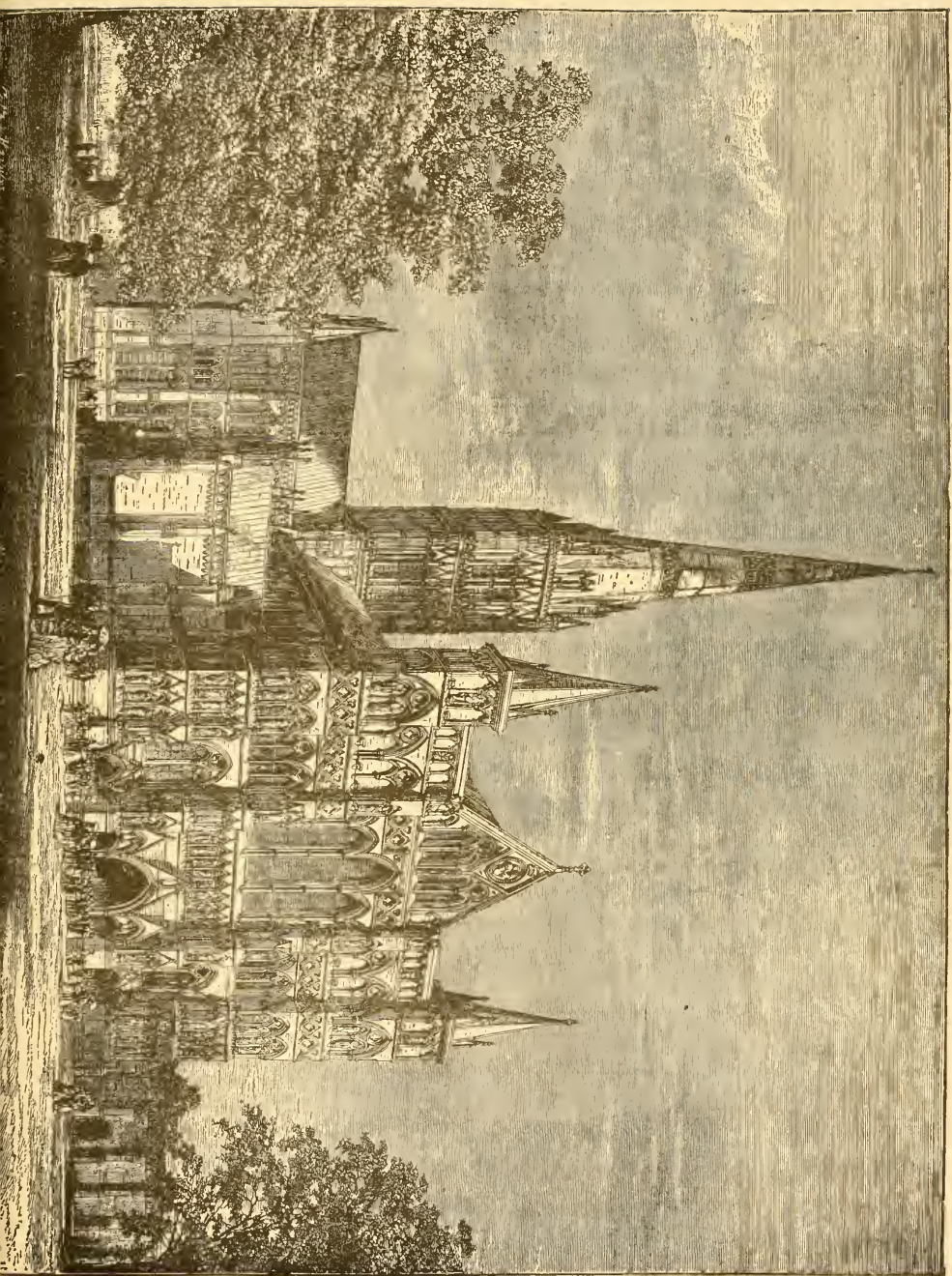
"It's trouble that brings people together," said Mr. John Bodley as they walked slowly away from the cathedral. "We English people really care more about Americans now than we do just because your crops and ours may happen to be very abundant."

"Yes," said Mr. Van Wyck. "Nowadays, when the telegraph goes everywhere, nations are more like single persons than once; and the same feelings which two persons have for being brought together, nations may have when brought face to face. The telegraph wires are the nerves of the nation."

The news of the morning hung over them, and somehow seemed to make their own party more serious than it might have been.

"You must come and see us in America," said Charles and Sarah to John and Margaret.

"Perhaps I will come out when you are senator," said John.



“And design a house for me in Washington,” said Charles.

“But you are not all going directly back to America, are you?” asked Mr. John Bodley.

“I am the only one going now,” said Professor Adams. “The rest have one more year, poor things, of wandering from home.”

“Oh, then we may see you again.”

“Not at all unlikely,” said Mr. Van Wyck.

CHAPTER XI.

A LOOK THROUGH WINDOWS.

FROM Salisbury our friends went by easy stages to Manchester, where they stayed a day or two, and to Chester, which they reached Friday afternoon, the 23d of September.

“If we entered England at Liverpool,” said Mr. Bodley, “we should undoubtedly have come straight to Chester, as all good Americans do, and so have seen the old town before we saw anything new. Now we have seen so much antiquity, that I doubt if the children will be as much impressed as they would have been otherwise.”

“Oh, I’ve always heard of Chester,” said Sarah. “It is where the sidewalks go through the second stories, is n’t it?”

“Exactly,” said her father, “and where you can walk all round the town on a stone wall.”

There was day enough left for a ramble about Chester, and a ramble was just what they desired. For the interest in Chester is

satisfied by what the eye takes in as one passes along the streets. Most of the walk was taken through the Rows. By a flight of steps they would mount to the long, covered piazza, so to speak, which passed by shop windows, and gave glimpses of passages leading off. The streets were not bridged, but one could turn corners and still keep above the pavement. There was an irregularity about the Rows which added to the charm. Either the streets rose and fell, or the arcades were not on a level, for they would sometimes find themselves only a foot or two above the pavement, and again a dozen or twenty feet up. The arcades were interrupted now and then by buildings which disregarded the arrangement, and were perhaps of later construction. Still, in many cases, the houses which conformed to the arcades seemed almost new.

They made the circuit of the town also on top of the old wall, a walk of nearly two miles. The wall does not make any marked separation in the town in the main; sometimes forming the outer circle, sometimes cutting through the heart of the town. The flagged top of the wall is about five feet in width; a parapet on one side, and a hedge on the other, in some places marks the line, but occasionally the wall is flush with the street, and scarcely more than a sidewalk. They visited King Charles's tower, from which he saw his army defeated on Rowton Moor; and from the wall itself, in its circuit of the town, they had pretty views in the afternoon light of the country lying about.

The errand, however, which brought them to Chester was above all to visit Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster, for there, as they had heard, was a most interesting sight in the windows of a chapel which the Duke had been building.

“It will be worth walking out to see,” said Professor Adams, “if

all that I hear from a friend is true," and so they trudged out over Grosvenor Bridge, and through the park attached to Eaton Hall. They were upon a carriage road which ran for three or four miles, winding a little but almost level, and passing by no notable plantations.

"If the Duke has to drive over this road every time he goes to or comes from his house," said Mrs. Van Wyck, "I should think he would find it a tedious journey. It is pleasant enough for us to walk once or twice, but I would rather have an unpretentious English lane."

"It is part of the penalty which he pays for being a duke," said her husband.

"This duke has a very good reputation as a man of public spirit," said Professor Adams. "He has done a great deal for Chester, but I think I envy him most for his ability to cause the production of such a work as I am told these windows in his chapel are."

"Who is the artist, Ned?"

"He is a Mr. Shields, whose work, I believe, has not been exhibited very often."

They found the chapel unfinished, but, perhaps, because it was Saturday afternoon no one appeared to be at work upon it, and they had their afternoon to themselves in it; and as the rain began to come down in a torrent, they were glad of shelter, and lingered longer even than they might otherwise have done before the beautiful windows.

"You must know the design of the whole," said Cousin Ned, "before you can understand well each window. It is intended to translate the *Te Deum Laudamus* into picture. When the whole work is complete, the six chancel windows will represent the central facts

in the divine order, namely: Paradise, Nativity, Crucifixion, Ascension, Pentecost, Judgment. Now turn your back upon the chancel, look directly west to the great window above the gallery. That is where the 'glorious company of the apostles' begins, and it continues along the north, as far as the transept. On the opposite wall, the south wall, where there are no windows, there is to be a series of mosaics, representing the goodly fellowship of the prophets; in the transepts are to be the 'noble army of martyrs;' while on both walls and in the transepts, in a lower series, the 'holy church throughout all the world' is to appear."

"What a splendid conception," said Mr. Van Wyck, "and what I admire especially in it is the fact that all these noble figures are expressive of praise."

"Exactly," said Cousin Ned, "and simple as this seems, it really makes the difference in religious art between great work and work which is merely indicative of the artist's cleverness. Why, Mr. Shields has made his work praise God, instead of constantly suggesting to us to praise Mr. Shields."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Bodley, "that the trouble with a good many of our memorial windows is that they honor the person who is commemorated, instead of suggesting how that person honored God."

They looked long and delightedly at these great figures, and the more they looked, the more completely did the design seem to effect its purpose of leading their thoughts to the central object of praise.

"That is true religious art," said Mr. Van Wyck, as they walked back through the long avenue, to Chester. "It is in the spirit of the great masters; for religious art ought to teach us and lead our

minds to God, just as surely as great landscape art should make us know and admire nature more."

"I am glad to have seen it," said his sister. "I only wish we had such work in America."

"I should like to design a set of windows for a New England church," said Professor Adams. "I would put a little American Christianity into them. Then people would look at them and think of them as something more than a copy of old pictures."

Our friends had one Sunday left together, and they found it a perfect day. When evening came, they went to the service in the cathedral, as they had also in the morning, but they were to have an unlooked for and great pleasure. When they entered, a little before the hour, they found the cathedral full, and numbers, like themselves, stood through much of the service. The sight was very impressive. The long line of gas jets above the arches on either side, reaching, indeed, the length of the cathedral, gave a beautiful light; the procession of choristers and priests, and then the mass of white in the centre, the crowds filling the nave, choir, and transepts — all, with the noble architecture filled the mind; but when the organ sounded and the sweet voices joined in chorus, one could see that this was needed to complete the effect. Surely the organ is never heard to such advantage as among the arches and under the vault of a great cathedral.

The sermon was by a young clergyman who was blind, and an admirable sermon it was, with some touching references to the death of the President. But when the service was ended, and the procession had returned to the vestry, a few people only left the cathedral, for it was customary for the organist to remain in his seat and play one sweet or solemn piece after another. The people moved about

the great building somewhat, but gradually settled down again to listen to the music. At length there was a short pause; then the organ sounded again, this time a funeral march from one of Beethoven's symphonies. As the chords swelled through the arches of the cathedral, one person here and another there rose in his place and stood; a sudden thought ran through the congregation, and then the mighty throng followed the impulse, and stood with bowed heads. Our little party had not been the first to take in the scene; but in a moment Mrs. Van Wyck whispered to her husband, with tears in her eyes, "Philip, it is for the President." So it was. It was a spontaneous burst of feeling, and our Americans, perhaps the only ones from their country in the cathedral, knew that another nation was standing with them, as it were, by the open grave and sharing in their grief.

"I shall always think differently of England after this," said Professor Adams, as they walked back to their inn. "How much such an incident means to us who have witnessed it."

"Yes," said Mr. Van Wyck. "We have come back here to look for foot-prints of the first Americans; but I do not think that Austerfield and Groton draw us to England nearly as much as one throb of common feeling like that we have felt this evening."

The next day the party went to Liverpool to see Professor Adams off on his steamer for America. That gentleman needed to return to his college duties, but the rest had a year still before them in Europe.

"You all wish you were coming with me," said he, as they stood together on the deck of the steamer. "You know you are miserable at parting from me and being obliged to stay in Europe. Only think what it would be if you were doomed to stay here forever, and

only allowed to visit America occasionally. Suppose you were compelled to be English people!"

"I never thought of it before," said Charles, "but one can't be just what he happens to want to be. How should I go to work to be a Frenchman?"

"You could n't be," said Sarah. "The nearest thing you could do would be to marry a Frenchwoman, and then your children would be half French, and if they married French girls" —

"They might not all be boys," objected Charles.

"Then their children," went on Sarah, "would be three quarters French, and so in a few generations they would be as much French as I am American. The Dutch color is not quite washed out of me yet. I am sure I felt at home in Holland."

"Well, I pity people who can't be whole Americans," said Charles, loftily. Just then there was a general movement. Passengers were bidding their friends good-by, and those were going ashore who were not going to America. Our friends bade their Cousin Ned a hearty good-by, and went ashore. They watched the steamer as she steamed away, and then turned back to their hotel.

"How glad we shall be just a year from now!" sighed Charles.

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